JOHN BULL, MARCH 19, 1932

IS THE GRAND NATIONAL FAIR? SEE PAGES 10 and 11

TWOPENCE
Vol. LI.
1344.

JOHN BULL

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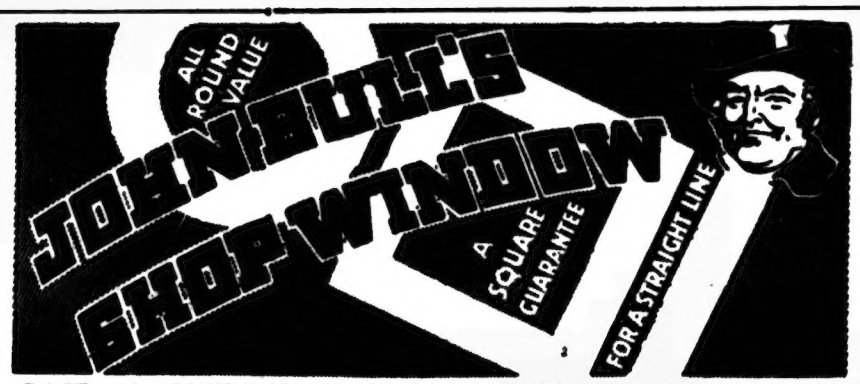

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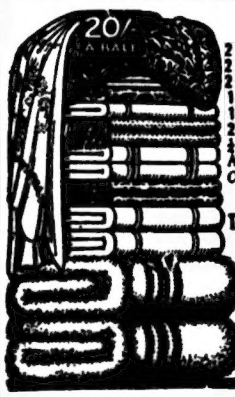

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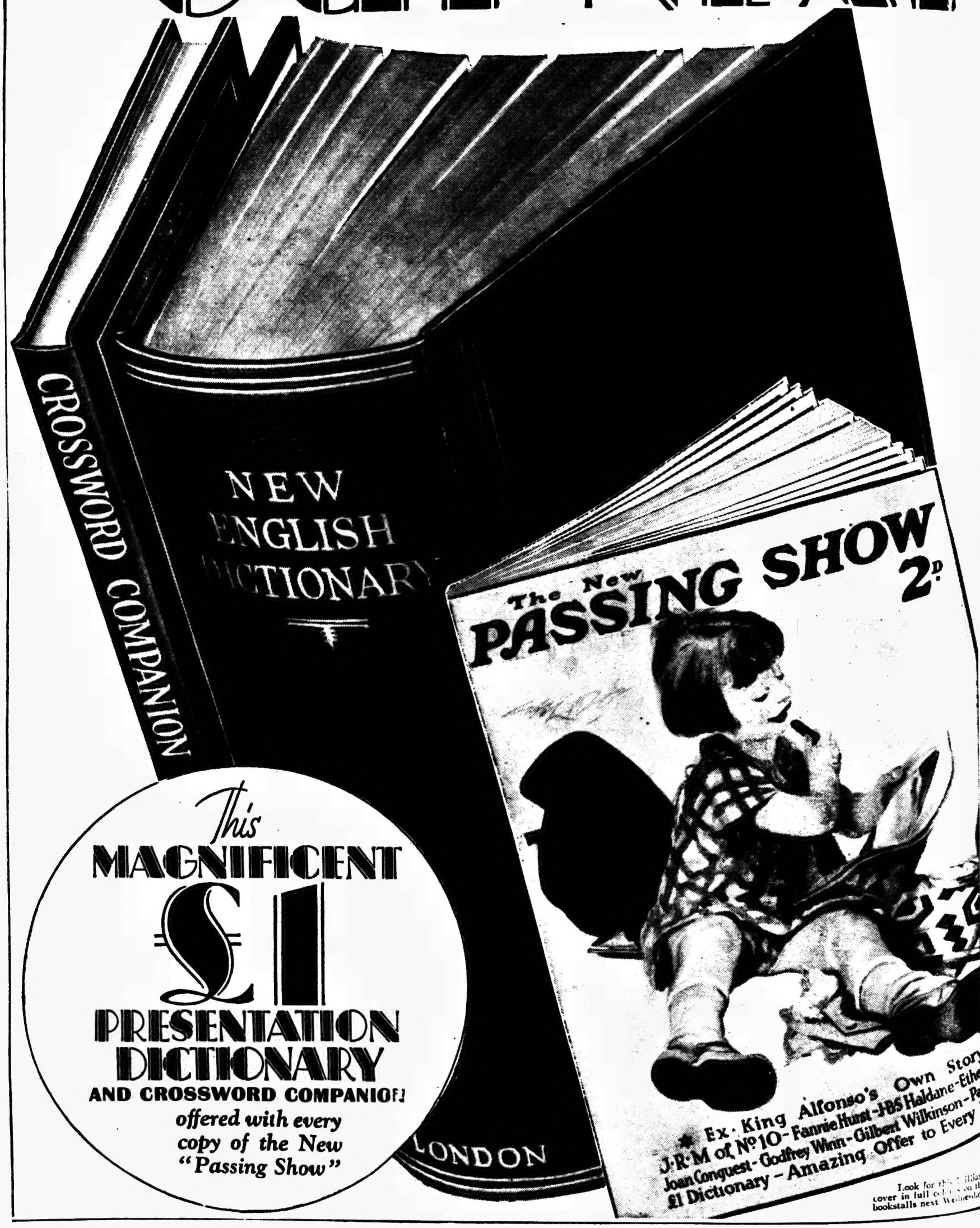
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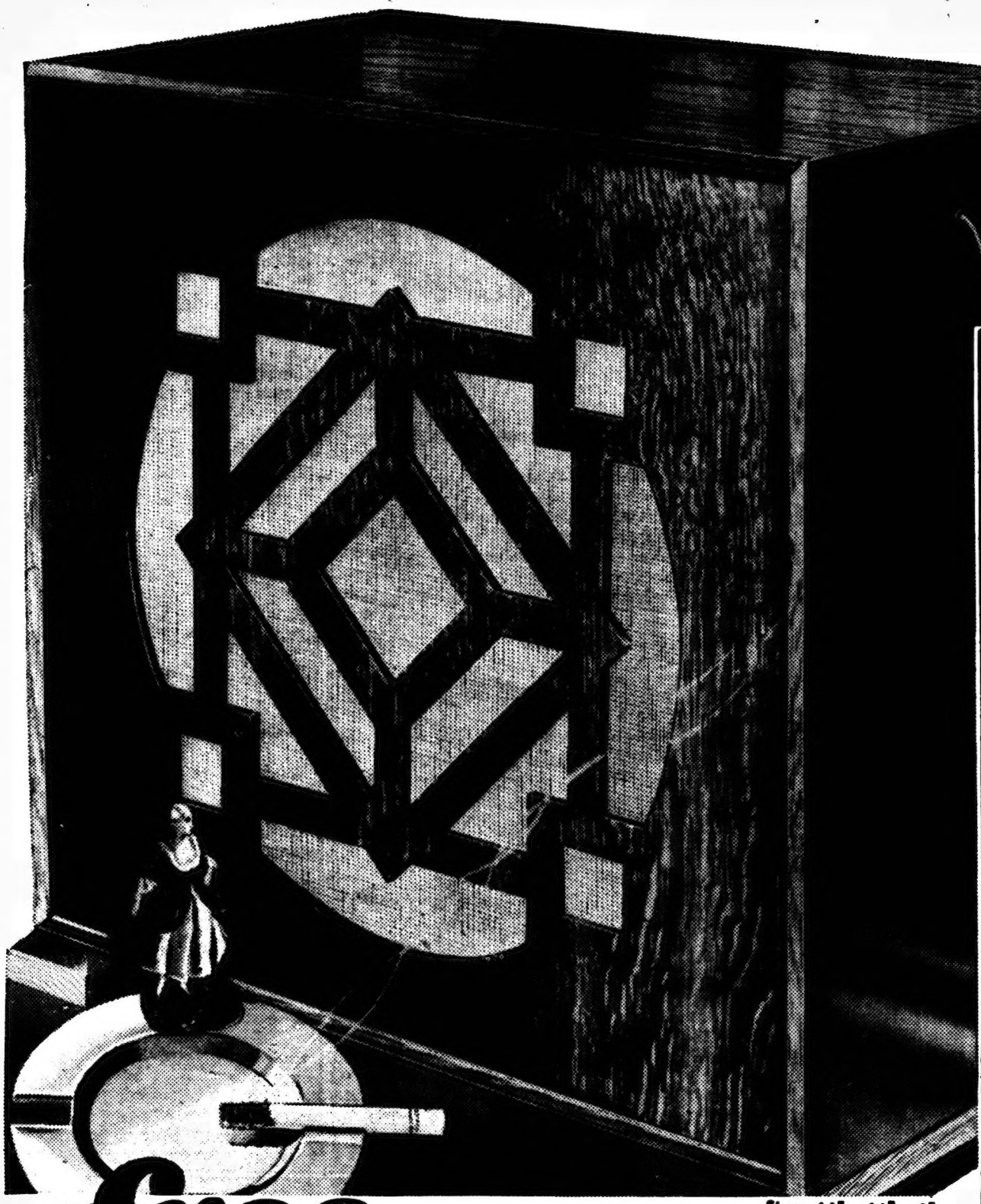

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They'll Kidnap YOUR Children . . .

We Have Our Lindbergh Babies

THE fathers and mothers of Britain have been greatly stirred by the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby in America.

It is high time they became greatly stirred by the wicked kidnapping of children that goes on in their own land, week in and week out.

We have our professional kidnappers, too, who behind the screen of a monstrous law steal boys and girls from their parents' homes and cast them into asylums and similar institutions that support a horde of highly-paid officials.

Schoolchildren who are "slow" at vulgar fractions, who hesitate when reading aloud, or who spell badly are liable at any moment to be condemned to life-long imprisonment and segregation as alleged mental defectives.

Who are these kidnappers whose evil activities bring sorrow and shame into hundreds of homes?

Well, to begin with, they are often young and ignorant doctors, who have obtained appointments with local authorities. They have to justify their salaries apparently by the number of children they can certify and isolate.

Then there are the thousands of kidnappers in skirts—the so-called women welfare workers, unpaid, officious busybodies who pretend to a knowledge of psycho-analysis, and who plunge with enthusiasm into this cruel mission of robbing parents of their children.

The baby-snatchers

THESE ghoulish females call at the home of a slightly backward or delicate child and persuade the father and mother to allow it to be sent for a short time to "an establishment for specialised training, treatment, or convalescence."

A form is produced for signature.

Soon the parents discover that they have been tricked into signing away their little one into an asylum (it usually has a fancy name) and that the chances are that it will have to remain there for life.

There is no redress, no appeal. They have lost their child for ever.

All this scandalous work goes on in the name of the Board of Lunacy Control, which by this time has about as bad a reputation as any public body in this country ever had. No other body has such tremendous powers over human liberty, nor shows such a contempt of public opinion in the way it exercises them.

Nearly £10,000,000 is now being spent yearly by this Board of official kidnappers. In a few years it has doubled the number of certified mental defectives and is now demanding more money and the building of more and larger asylums.

No home—least of all working-class and lower middle-class homes—is safe from the raids of this meddlesome Board's representatives.

Let no parent believe that his or her child is beyond their reach.

If you have any doubts about this, the case of William Barrett, who was kidnapped six years ago and still remains a prisoner, will remove them.

His is a bad, though typical, instance of the savage methods of the Board of Control.

When a boy of fifteen, after leaving school with a faultless record, he walked out of his home in Richmond Street, Marylebone, London, to look for work, and was asked by a stranger in the street if he would like to earn a shilling.

The boy jumped at the opportunity, and doing as he was instructed, he lifted a suit-case out of a motor-car and was taking it to the stranger's lodgings when detectives stopped them. They recognised the man as a luggage thief. Both the boy and the man, when brought up in court, were remanded for a week, and Barrett was placed in the remand institution at Pentonville. Two days later he contracted diphtheria and was removed to a fever hospital.

For fourteen weeks he lay gravely ill in hospital. During that time the man arrested with him had confessed that he had used Barrett only as a dupe.

The parents went to the hospital one morning to bring their boy away, but to their astonishment learned that warders had called to escort him back to prison.

Distraught with anguish, the parents rushed to Pentonville. The prison authorities, however, could not release the lad without orders.

Again Barrett was brought up in court and the magistrate, accepting what he was told by a lunacy representative, sent the boy, who appeared debilitated and needing convalescence, to a home for treatment. But he could have had little idea what sort of home it would prove to be.

Making lunatics—

SOME days later Mr. and Mrs. Barrett were informed that their son was at Dartford, Kent, and they went at once to visit him. Their horror can be imagined when they drove up to what they believed was a country convalescent home and found it was an asylum.

They found their boy heartbroken and on the verge of a nervous collapse. He showed them his companion—an old man who nursed cats in his arms and crooned to them under the delusion that they were babies.

The Board of Control was, in fact, pursuing its notorious policy of manufacturing a normal child into a possible lunatic.

For six years now the parents have tried to get their boy back. They have visited Scotland Yard, Government Departments, the Houses of Parliament, and the offices and homes of M.P.s in their desperate efforts to do so. But they have not succeeded.

Everywhere they are told that the Board of Control exercises powers far greater than those of Cabinet Ministers, and that no one can alter the decisions of this omnipotent body.

Three years ago the boy was transferred to another institution at Elstead, Surrey—one of a chain of monstrous institutions which the Board of Control has set up throughout the country. They provide cheap labour for people in want of domestic servants.

William Barrett

Every morning, just after sunrise, Barrett, who is now twenty-one, leaves the institution on a bicycle and proceeds to the country house of two ladies to whom he has been hired out as a domestic help.

He scrubs and polishes the floors, peels the potatoes, helps to cook the meals, feeds the pigs, and does almost every kind of household drudgery until it is time for him to cycle back to his prison to sleep.

For this he is paid 7s. 6d. per week, and from these slave wages has to buy all his clothing and boots and has to pay for the bicycle to go to and from his extraordinary employment.

Mrs. Barrett, writing as from a mother to a mother, placed all the facts before the Queen in a final effort to have her son restored to her.

Within twenty-four hours of receiving Mrs. Barrett's letter Her Majesty commanded a leading social worker to investigate the case and report to her. But even the Queen could do nothing.

By the fact that they hire out William Barrett, who is a fine specimen of healthy young manhood, to work all day in the home of two unprotected women, the Board of Control removes any suspicion of lunacy, imbecility, or mental deficiency.

Moreover, we are aware, even the officials of the institution where he is detained have notified the Board of Control that there is nothing wrong with him. The Board insists, however, that he shall remain a prisoner.

Barrett is just one of many young people wrongly held in captivity. They will get their freedom and this wholesale kidnapping of innocents will stop only when the country realises how sinister is the form of our lunacy laws and with what wickedness they are exploited.

Public opinion must force Parliament to fight these kidnappers and their central organisation.

Till young William Barrett and the other child victims are restored to their parents, it is a mockery to talk about the liberties of Britain.

Lloyd George's Secret Challenge for Leadership

The King Guards His Health

Society's Worst Woman Caught

Will Samuelite and Simonite dangle on his strings?

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

MR. LLOYD GEORGE is once more pulling the political strings. He denies it, of course, declaring that his "come-back" doesn't mean he is seeking the leadership of the Liberal Party. That is, as much of it as he can unite under his banner.

But his friends need not be so modest.

They predict that before long he will have supporting him, not only his own "family group," but nearly all the Samuel Liberals and some of the Simonites as well.

His battle-cry

Certainly he remains the most dynamic figure in the Liberal Party. And it is just as certain that he is secretly, if not openly, challenging the leadership of Samuel and Simon.

Sir Herbert Samuel's followers are already divided. Some of them are bitterly opposed to the Wheat Quota Bill, which their leader is supporting.

This is the opportunity Mr. Lloyd George has been waiting for. The dearer loaf is coming. And then L.G. will have a battle-cry.

The Tory killers

There is another revolt among Tory back benchers.

Their opposition has practically killed the Town Planning Bill, despite the entreaties of the Conservative Minister of Health, Sir E. Hilton Young.

And, though they haven't assassinated the London Passenger Transport Bill, they are determined that its limbs must be amputated if it is allowed to survive. thus sweeping aside the special plea of Mr. MacDonald for mercy.

Bank rate (Round 3)

Mr. Montagu Norman has now lost the second round in the Bank rate fight.

But, though the rate came down to 4 per cent. last week, the Bank of England directors who have been pressing for cheaper money are still not satisfied.

They want it reduced to 3 per cent.—and they are likely to win this round, too.

Too late

Unfortunately, Mr. Norman's delay in consenting to the 4 per cent. reduction has robbed it of much of its benefits.

If his "cheaper money" colleagues had won earlier, there wouldn't have been the recent speculation in sterling caused by the rush of foreign money to London to earn high interest rates.

The King's care

Though the King's health is quite satisfactory now, it is still necessary for him to guard against chill.

That is why he will not stay at Windsor until later in the year and rarely accepts an engagement that entails his exposure to the night air.

Why doesn't he act?

The cancellation of betting telegrams after dishonest senders have learned the results of races must stop.

By admitting knowledge of this practice, the Postmaster-General disposes of his own argument that further evidence is needed before action is taken.

He has the evidence—and bookmakers have as much right to protection against fraud as any other class of the community.

Robbing Peter—why?

Admiralty shipbuilding orders will shortly be given to the Clyde, Tyne and Mersey yards, and heavy armour-plate and big-gun contracts will go to Sheffield.

But while private firms will benefit, the amount of work placed with the Royal Naval Dockyards at Portsmouth, Devonport and Chatham is being considerably curtailed.

So Peter is being robbed to pay Paul.

Higher rates coming

Ratepayers will have a nasty shock soon

As a result of the Government's "dole" policy, hundreds of thousands of people have been thrown on the Poor Law, and Education cuts have imposed an extra burden of £1,250,000 on local rates

So rates in many towns will show a big jump in the next half-yearly period, which begins next month.

Saving our money

Lord Trenchard has set a good example in deciding that London police must conduct minor motoring cases without a solicitor.

It's time law costs were reduced—and this is a move in the right direction.

We unmasked her

The audacious frauds of "the worst woman in Society" adventuress, who gate-crashed at a Royal Garden Party, and misused the names of titled people, were recently fully exposed in JOHN BULL.

Now the woman, Nellie Ruth Munday, has gone to prison for twelve months for false pretences. We are glad to have played a part in bringing her to justice.

These hypocrites

Sunday games at Hull are only for those why play golf, and even the licence of the Municipal Golf Club House has been withdrawn in deference to the "kill-joys" on the City Council.

And as for letting a working-man play bowls on Sunday—well, the City Council will have to be changed before that happens.

Human retrievers

The police are sometimes criticised for failure to bring criminals to justice.

Yet of 5,086 cars stolen in London last year, 4,869 were recovered and 748 car thieves convicted. Other countries will find it hard to beat this record in detection.

A census we want

We like the initiative shown by the Liverpool Chamber of Trade, which is asking all its members to keep a record of the effect of the Tariff on their takings. This is the best way to find out the truth about the new duties.

For services rendered

We sympathise with the retired naval surgeon who, after thirty-two years' service, is now obliged by ill-health to accept parish relief.

Summoned for refusing to do 30 hours' menial work each week in the poor-law institution, the case was very properly dismissed by Hove magistrates. It should never have been brought.

Glasgow wakes up

Scandalous neglect has been shown by Glasgow Corporation in allowing over fifty families, including one hundred children, to live in tenements without water or sanitary facilities.

Now the Public Health Department has intervened. About time, too!

He ought to be!

A Nottingham man, Henry Reginald Herbert, is said to be a well-known dog-breeder. Well, he deserves to be.

Two of his dogs were found in a terribly emaciated condition, a third died from lack of attention and food. We are glad that his neglect will cost him nearly £16 in fines and costs.

Official meddlers

We don't do much to encourage foreigners to buy our goods.

A Belgian trader who wanted to return a small article to Britain for repair, was told he must travel from Ypres to Ostend to sign a paper in the presence of the consul and pay a stamp fee of nearly 10s.

His indignation, we fear, won't soften the obstinacy of our official blockheads.

Life for brother

Though the parents of ten-year-old Jimmy McCarthy, of Dowlais, will mourn his death, they must be proud of him.

Rushing to the rescue of a younger brother who had fallen into a frozen pond, he was carried under the ice and drowned.

The younger boy was saved. Let's hope he grows into as fine a lad as his brother.

Commended!

We admire police officers like P.C. Pattinson, of Darwen.

Hearing that a labourer on whom he was serving a summons had been unemployed for years and that his wife and five children were almost starving, he gave the man money to buy food.

No wonder it's said that a policeman is a friend in need.

City ramp

Huge fortunes have been made by City men in the recent revival of new capital issues by allotting loans only to big investors.

When dealings start on the Stock Exchange the price rises sharply and the small investor is allowed to participate, giving the big man a profit of £2 or £3 on every £100.

This ramp at the expense of the small investor must stop.

Economy—in blinkers

Though excellent work for British trade has been done by a branch office of the Department of Overseas Trade at Kingston, Jamaica, it is to be closed for reasons of "economy."

It's thought that a "Buy British" poster will do just as well. Will Whitehall never acquire a grain of sense?

He asked for it

People who "borrow" cars for joy-rides should be treated as thieves.

A Manchester youth who took a man and two girls for a ride in an unattended car met with an accident, which badly damaged the car and injured the four occupants.

He was lucky to escape with a fine of £10, plus 10s. for driving without a licence.

Let off lightly

We are not surprised that a Norwich milkman, summoned for employing a child of ten to deliver milk, was said to have expected to be fined ten shillings.

However, the magistrate asked for only five shillings—an encouragement, perhaps, to other exploiters of child labour.

Firemen don't matter

The Mayor of Bournemouth should think again. He doesn't think that a fireman who has been ill since November, following a bad fall while at drill, has suffered any great hardship—despite his loss in wages.

Other councillors, fortunately, are not so niggardly, and the man is to get a gratuity of £25. Perhaps the Mayor and his supporters imagine he fell on purpose.

Watch him carefully

Tradesmen should be on their guard against a new variation of an old trick.

Posing as a police officer, a man is visiting Welsh shopkeepers and asking them to let him examine their bank-notes. Selecting one which he declares to be a forgery, he places it in an envelope and asks the trader to keep it until his superior officer calls.

But he is a sleight-of-hand expert—the envelope he returns contains a slip of blank paper.

Get it on Thursday!

JOHN BULL will be published as usual next Thursday the day before Good Friday

Make sure of your copy for the holidays by getting it on

THURSDAY

SCOTLAND YARD'S GREATEST SHAKE-UP...

Detective-Inspector Cooper | *Superintendent Percy Savage* | *Superintendent G. R. Nichols* | *Superintendent W. Brown* | *Superintendent J. A. Ashley*

No Longer a Big Five?

THE passing of Scotland Yard's "Big Five" is practically a certainty as the result of revolutionary changes now being officially considered in connection with our police administration.

As far back as September of last year JOHN BULL published a leading article predicting this development, and for years it has advocated the revisions now under consideration.

Lord Trenchard, the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, who has escaped the spectacular publicity that was accorded to his predecessor, is quietly settling into harness and rapidly gaining the respect of the entire force.

Schemes for its betterment, which have been mooted for years, have been earnestly studied by him, and he is known to be in favour of reform. And already he has a reputation for "getting things done."

The position of the "Big Five" has naturally come under consideration, for the time is fast approaching when they will all be due to retire on the completion of their normal term of service.

The question that arises is not so much: *Can* they be replaced as *will* they be replaced?

The "Big Five," whose portraits you see above, are all distinguished detectives, each of whom has rendered splendid service to the State. They reached their positions either by seniority or after years of excellent devotion to duty.

But Lord Trenchard is believed to favour the idea of picking his men here and there, rather than selecting the "next on the list."

Promotions have lately been made in the C.I.D., for instance, in which detectives of long service have been "jumped over" by younger men. It is a sign of the times.

The public is still surprisingly uninformed regarding the status of Scotland Yard. It is not generally realised, for instance, that the Yard is only the headquarters for the Metropolitan area and has no jurisdiction over the Home Counties or the provinces.

The new plan

THE Metropolitan area is split into police divisions, with Detective-Inspectors in charge. Each member of the "Big Five" has jurisdiction over several divisions, and the respective Divisional Detective-Inspectors are answerable to him.

An anomaly of the present system is that, though the Divisional Detective-Inspectors are thus directly under the "Big Five," they are really junior to the uniform chief inspectors at their respective divisions.

This is because the promotion in the uniformed branch has always been more rapid than in the Criminal Investigation Department.

Thus we have cases of detectives handling important criminal cases in co-operation with the "Big Five," yet they are at a great disadvantage with their uniformed colleagues where promotion is concerned.

What, then, is likely to happen if the "Big Five" are not replaced and the present system is revised?

An initial step will undoubtedly be a considerable augmentation of the Criminal Investigation Department. There will be two Detective-Inspectors to each division instead of one, with a Chief Inspector from the Yard always at divisional headquarters.

In this way it will be possible to maintain a 24-hour detective service, the desirability of which is obvious. It will mean that a senior detective will always be on duty at divisional headquarters, ready to tackle any emergency call without loss of time.

At present the Criminal Investigation Department of many stations is closed at midnight, and if any serious crimes are committed between then and the following morning, jaded Divisional Detective-Inspectors, who have already put in a busy twelve-hour day, have to be summoned from their beds.

Apart from the unfairness to them, there is the inevitable delay which this procedure involves, with corresponding advantage to the criminal.

Changes on the lines indicated may prove costly, but are certainly necessary if we are to cope with modern criminals, who grow more enterprising year by year.

If the scheme is to be properly carried through, police-stations will have to be centralised and new recruits for the detective force found.

Apart from the "Big Five," many other detectives of the older school will be retiring in the course of the next year or two, and it is likely that their places will be filled by much younger men, selected strictly upon individual merits and not with the traditional regard for seniority.

The Chief's moves

THIS, of course, does not suggest that all the senior officers are inefficient. That would be a gross libel on a splendid body of men, whose records prove otherwise. It simply means that greater discrimination will be used in finding the right man for the right job.

That Lord Trenchard is really getting things done is evident from the fact that an important legal member of the Director of Public Prosecutions department was recently posted to a high position in Scotland Yard.

This is an appointment that marks the beginning of a closer association between the Public Prosecutor's office and the Yard—a splendid move for greater efficiency at less public expense.

"Lord Trenchard is getting things done

Naturally the establishment of a national police force, which JOHN BULL has always so staunchly advocated, must be accomplished in stages; but it augurs well that development schemes are at last receiving serious consideration.

It is absurd that the best brains should be concentrated at Scotland Yard, which is a comparatively isolated organisation under present conditions.

It is ridiculous, too, that the investigation of big crimes calling for specialised skill should be left to local men, controlled by Watch Committees, whose good intentions cannot counterbalance a lack of experience.

There are many able detectives in provincial forces, of course, but they are handicapped because criminal records, photographs, finger prints and so on are, generally speaking, concentrated at Scotland Yard. The process of consulting the Records Office therefore involves, in many cases, serious loss of time which may mean all the difference between success or failure in effecting an arrest.

Co-operation

HAPPILY this old order is passing. A scheme is now being considered for establishing a series of special bureaux at chosen centres throughout the country, where duplicates of all criminal records will be readily available for the police.

For months past senior detectives from provincial forces have been attending special conferences in London to discuss this and similar plans for national police unity.

A suggestion has been made to have an experienced Yard officer in important cities. Thus one might be posted to Birmingham for the Midlands; another to Newcastle for a Northern area; a third in Plymouth for the South, and so on.

Once legislation is passed to enable these reforms to take effect, there is no doubt that provincial forces will gladly co-operate with a senior and more experienced Scotland Yard officer in control.

Brains, not brawn

BIG changes are also needed in the training of detectives.

At present all C.I.D. men have first to join the uniformed branch and patrol the streets for a time before they can even qualify for permission to apply for a detective post.

This is an obvious waste of time and material. Our detectives should be recruited from men who show an aptitude for the work; they should enter the detective service direct and be trained in investigation work from the first. Much greater use could be made in this connection of the police schools at Scotland Yard and in Liverpool and Birmingham.

Here, as elsewhere, brains rather than brawn must be given preference.

And JOHN BULL welcomes the signs that at long last that preference will be given.

The Great Question of the Moment—

Is the GRAND N

by Col. W. A. PALLIN, D.S.O.

(*late of the "Blues"*),

the great veterinary authority who has owned, trained and ridden Grand National horses

INVARIABLY, when the day of the Grand National Steeplechase comes round, do we find the question raised: Is the race fair? That is to say, does the best horse win? Or is the race merely a long-drawn-out scramble in which anything may happen?

A good deal of nonsense is talked on this subject, chiefly by people who do not know. But it would be foolish to attempt to minimise the extent to which luck, good and bad, governs the Grand National.

I calculate that the odds that even a horse which has previously gone round the strenuous course will do so again are nine to two against. Backers who accept odds of six to one about a favourite *winning* take the risk, therefore, with their eyes open.

In spite of the measure of luck in the race, I contend that generally it is won by the best steeplechaser of the year, be it favourite or not.

"Glorified hurdlers"

Let it be understood, however, that by a steeplechaser I mean a horse that can really stay and jump—not those glorified hurdlers which can only win two-and-a-half to three mile races over park courses.

The unconsidered outsider, like Tipperary Tim, which gets home first once in a decade, is the exception which proves the rule and which supplies fresh zest to the sport. It certainly provides no proof that the race is "not fair."

What is more important is to demonstrate to those actively concerned in the great race—owners, trainers and jockeys—how they should combine to improve it, both as a spectacle and a test. If they did so public criticism would very soon die down.

Too many owners, I am afraid, enter horses for the Grand National simply to bask in the glory they suppose arises from having a candidate in the race. They do not, as they should, nominate and run only animals which are certain of getting the distance of four-and-a-half miles.

Ruined chances

Sometimes, of course, this is done in sheer ignorance of the fact that the Aintree fences demand such extra effort and output of strength from a horse that an animal which could stay the distance elsewhere will be a tired and miserable laggard long before he has covered three-quarters of the stiff Grand National country.

This indiscriminate running of unsuitable horses swells the field and adds tremendously to the risk of genuine competitors having their chances ruined by horses which fall or become riderless in the early stages.

So much for the owners' contribution to the "gamble" of the National.

Now we come to the trainers. Their share in making the race more "chancy" than it should be is due to the fact that a large proportion of them send to the starting-post horses which are overtrained.

This has been too commonly the case in the past. This year it is more so, because of the very open winter which we have been experiencing. It is likely that the number of horses which have been too far advanced in training and condition will be much larger and the consequences still more pronounced than in previous years.

It is not to be wondered that so many animals reach Aintree overtrained. Most of them go into training far too early in the autumn and get too much regular and intensive work to reach their best just in time for the supreme trial.

The hunters win

In the Grand National, with its publicity, glamour and scramble, it is rare nowadays to find more than a small percentage of the field finishing the course.

On the day after the Grand National there is run at Aintree, over the full Grand National course and the same mighty obstacles, a race known as the Foxhunters' Steeplechase. It is confined to amateur riders and horses which have been hunting, and it gets practically no advertisement.

Yet it is seldom that the majority of the field fail to finish in good time, and invariably the riders and horses which pass the post are far fresher and running on better than the horses which battled out the Grand National on the previous day.

The explanation is that the hunters are not overworked and overtrained in the way Grand National candidates are.

All this is distinctly unfortunate, because a far superior class of horse is now being used for steeplechasing and being run in the race than formerly, and a higher percentage of better-class horses gets the opportunity to win the National earlier in life.

In the ninety Grand Nationals which have been held, forty-nine have been won by horses at their first attempt, but since the war this high percentage has been increased substantially by the introduction to the field of animals of greater quality.

Often I have been asked if I can explain why the Grand National is won on an average only once in nine years by a horse which has fallen in a previous year.

The question is usually put to me with the comment that it is extraordinary that so many 'chasers hesitate or refuse at the particular Aintree fences where they fell on a former visit to the course. By this it is suggested that the horses remember the scene of an accident and fight shy of a repetition there.

The theory that the horse remembers and falters is utterly wrong. Usually it is the jockey who has an instinctive but, perhaps, unconscious dread of a spot where he has previously had misfortune, and it is the manifestation of his involuntary reaction which makes it appear that his mount is at fault.

Our jockeys, both professional and amateur, could undoubtedly improve the standard of the Grand National.

Most heartily do I condemn the exaggerated riding position which they have forced themselves to occupy by the use of very short leathers.

Up—and over!

With the body in the poise given by the short seat, horse and jockey are supposed to enjoy an advantage equivalent to five pounds in riding weight. This may be so, and the posture certainly does not seem to interfere with the ability of the animal to take its fences properly.

But the fetish of the short leathers has costly consequences when the horse does make a mistake in the take-off or in the clearance.

Inevitably and invariably the jockey then is shot forward on to the neck of his mount. With this impact and sudden movement of weight, the horse cannot possibly recover or rectify its error, and the jockey himself cannot contribute any help because his balance is lost. Instead of an assistance to the horse, as he could be with a longer seat, he is an impediment.

Most of my contemporaries and myself would certainly never have gone round the Grand National course with leathers adjusted as they are to-day.

And no jockey to-day could possibly hope to emulate the feats of George Stevens, who rode fifteen times in the National without a fall, or of Tom Olliver, who fell only thrice in nineteen Grand National rides.

The horse is master

I do not suggest that jockeys should revert to the old hunting seat so popular when Mr. H. Beasley, senior, the father of the fine horsemen of that name riding to-day, was in his prime.

But if more owners of horses entered for the Grand National wish to see their candidates complete the course they must first persuade their jockeys to lengthen their leathers by at least one hole.

A strange belief held by jockeys who ride in the Grand National to-day is that they can "lift" a horse over a fence. By movements of hands and legs they actually appear to be putting this belief into practice. The supposition is entirely false.

There is such a thing as "knocking down" a horse, of which too many

Far too many good steeplechasers come to grief, for far too many of them are over-trained and over-worked, says the writer

NATIONAL Fair?

The Jockeys make the Race the Big Gamble that it is

jockeys with the present short seats are guilty, but there is no such thing as "lifting" it, however much sporting writers prattle and jockeys try to demonstrate that there is.

The horse alone is the judge and master in measuring the distance and time for the take-off, and no jockey, however superlative, can assist it to shorten or lengthen the stride for the leap.

When this generation of jockeys comes to realise and remember at every stage of the Grand National that the horse can see and make its decision three or four seconds ahead of the rider, more of them will fare better in the race.

He knows best!

Another obvious fault of present-day jockeyship in a race such as the Grand National is that the rider is far too prone to interfere with the horse's mouth.

Our jockeys seem to imagine that they can, without risk, steer a horse towards an opening in the fence which is about to be cleared. They want to appear to be so much the master of the horse that they forget that the animal is far better able to find the most suitable place for the jump with far more safety for itself and the rider.

Has anyone ever seen a riderless horse fall when it goes on to clear fence after fence to the end?

I have never done so, nor met anyone who did. It never makes a mistake, either by jumping upon a horse or man on the ground, or by selecting a taking-off point which will cause it to stumble.

I learned this lesson with dire results for myself and possibly at the loss of a lifetime ambition.

The fall I took

This was in the year of the American-bred Rubio's success. At the fence after Bechers, second time round, to my surprise and joy I found that my good horse, Wild Fox III., had carried me into the first flight of the field.

At my first attempt the Grand National was within my grasp, and, whatever happened, I could not be beaten out of a place. So it seemed.

Wild Fox III. and myself had been travelling just as if we were in the hunting-field, the horse taking his fences easily, accurately and without help from me.

When triumph was in sight I thought it was time to control the horse as he made for an ugly-looking place in the fence. I touched his head to put him to another point. He responded reluctantly, and down we came.

As so many jockeys do to-day, I had interfered with his take-off; whereas, left to himself, he would probably have joined the illustrious company of 'chasers which have won the Blue Riband on their first visit to Aintree.

My chagrin was great, particularly as I had had to mount from a chair owing to a severe knee injury received at Sandown Park. I never forgot the lesson, however, and henceforward, with greater success, always left my horse to it.

There is one other method by which the jockeys of to-day could make the race fairer for all concerned. It is by jettisoning the policy of scrambling for the lead and then "waiting in front" so as to avoid fallen horses

The waiting game

The famous Arthur Yates laid it down that the Grand National is only to be won if the first circuit of the course is ridden like a hunt and a waiting policy pursued. When the second circuit is begun there is plenty of room, and the survivors can go on to make the pace that wins the race.

I admit that many of the disasters in the early stages of the Grand National are due to the helter-skelter and daring tactics of ambitious amateurs. It is true, of course, that one race in every three on an average has been won by amateurs, but invariably they are riders who have waited behind.

Those who scoff at the Grand National as a fair test of merit usually condemn it because of the awkward turns in the course and the angles at which some of the nasty fences have to be taken. These factors, they say, make it a performance of trick-riding.

This kind of criticism contains its own answer. A worthy steeplechaser should be able to display his cleverness over the worst country, get round any corner and be able to "change his feet" in any emergency.

It has been said lately that the race is not comparable with the Derby as a fair trial of power and skill, because the Derby is usually won by a horse which proves ultimately to be the best of his age.

I refuse to accept this. The records of the Epsom classic would read far differently if it were not that so frequently the really best three-year-olds meet with misfortune in training and never get to the Derby starting-gate.

No; the Grand National is as fair a race, if not fairer, than the Derby.

Despite the faults and deficiencies which I have pointed out, I maintain that the Grand National is by far the greatest and most glorious and one of the fairest races in the world, and it is usually won by the best triumvirate of horse, trainer and rider.

I have had ambitions to own and ride both the Grand National and Derby winners. Of the two, I would prefer to have won the National.

GOOD NEWS—

Pass it On!

WE are never so happy as when passing on to readers a really good piece of news. That is why we are now saying to you: "Don't miss the big announcement of the new *Passing Show* on pages 3, 4 and 5."

It has been our good fortune to take a privileged peep at the advance proofs of this magnificent new publication.

What we saw was more than sufficient to make us proud indeed that so original, so unusual, so irresistible a publication was produced from the same "stable" as John Bull.

To each and every one of our readers we would say "Be sure to get No. 1 of the new *Passing Show*, on sale Wednesday next, March 23."

Homely Wisdom—by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.

A Second Chance

A PROMINENT writer makes a moving appeal for mercy and reinstatement for a man charged with petty pilfering after many years of untarnished character. It is to be hoped that the plea will not fail.

But why do good men yield to sudden temptation? This is one of the mysteries of life, and its moral is that no man is safe who fails to keep careful watch over himself in little things as well as great ones.

I once asked a kind-hearted city magnate to help me to get a man out of a scrape who had defaulted in a trust through betting.

The reply was striking. "I will do it," he said, "in order to teach you a lesson—namely, that such men are never to be believed when they promise amendment. You cannot save this fellow; he has a bad kink in him; he will not make good; once you relieve him of his difficulty he will make no attempt to repay, nor will he change his habits."

This pessimistic forecast turned out to be true, despite my confidence that it would not. The man thus rescued from immediate ruin behaved just as my friend said he would, and soon afterwards took to still more vicious courses.

I told this tale to an elderly Government official recently, and he said: "Yes, but your friend forgot one thing. A little moral nursing is usually needed after you have pulled a weak man back from the brink of disaster. It is not enough to help a man out of a hole and then leave him to flounder into another.

"It is even more important to draw him away from the associations that are harming him and put him under the influence of good example and wholesome ideals."

I think he was right. Most young fellows who go wrong slip into trouble before they are aware of it; and older men trip through becoming careless of themselves and self-indulgent. Mercy is not wasted on these if it be combined with the right tonic influence.

Sparing them penalty is the least part of what is needed for them. The greater deliverance is to set them to work for others.

One of the finest and most useful men in England to-day was within an ace of going to jail thirty years ago for an improper use of a railway-ticket. I moved heaven and earth to save him and was only successful at the last moment.

No man living to-day is rendering more unselfish service for the public weal.

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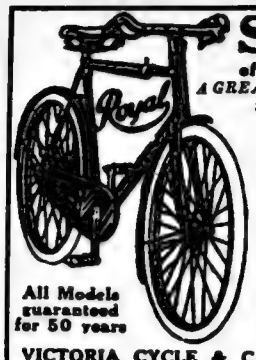

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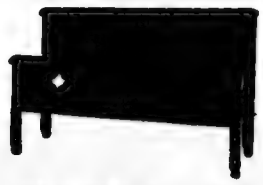
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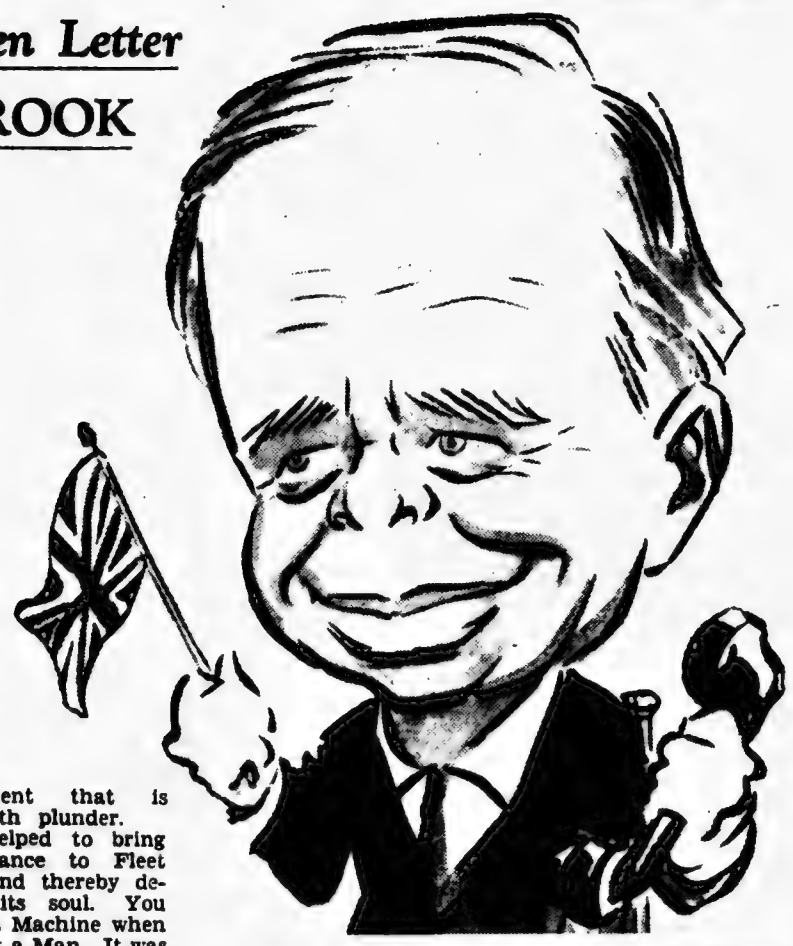
HANNEN SWAFFER'S *Open Letter to* LORD BEAVERBROOK

You're a JEKYLL AND HYDE



DEAR BEAVERBROOK,—When, not many days ago, I protested against the ghoulish idea, printed in one of the weekly reviews, that aspirants to literary fame should enter a competition to see who could write the best parody of my obituary notices of you and Rothermere, if the two of you were killed in an American motor car, you took it very nicely.

You said that while you were anxious to delay the writing of your obituary notice as long as possible, you hoped that, when it had to be written, I would write it.

"You will paint the wart," you said, writing me, "but I know it won't be all warts."

I, therefore, write very frankly now.

You do not mind criticism. You would rather be criticised than be ignored. And the way the Tories completely ignored, when they brought in Protection, your indefatigable work which had made their schemes possible, I think little short of contemptible.

Although I do not agree with your politics—indeed, I hate them—and regard them as the expression of an exaggerated ego, intent only on digging up the past and trying to bury the future, I know that it was entirely due to your revivalist campaign for the Empire Crusade, in which you really believed, that brought in food taxes.

When the Tories were afraid, you at least had courage. They tried to stop you. You challenged them. You beat them to it.

* * *

Then they ignored you, and even went further. In fact, although it was said that you were ill, your absence from the unveiling of the Bonar Law memorial by Stanley Baldwin was the consequence of a deliberate insult to you.

Although your devotion to Bonar Law was genuine, how you exploited it! You followed him to England when he, the child of a manse next to your father's, had made his mark in British politics. You hung on his tail. You plotted. You made good.

When you had got him buried in Westminster Abbey—why do you want all your friends buried in Westminster Abbey, yes, even Arnold Bennett?—you were ignored again. They did not trust you. Perhaps they do not know you in the way I do.

I worked for you for seven years, and found you the most loyal newspaper proprietor I had ever served. You backed me up in all my rows with theatre managers, although they were not your rows. You showed me, beforehand, every word you intended to publish about me. You gave me a freer hand than you gave anybody.

I could quote lots of stories proving your loyalty to your friends—yes, and your good nature towards your enemies in their time of trouble. Were I in trouble, I should consult you, even now.

I should call on Jekyll. But I might find Hyde.

Why is this private good nature of yours—a thing which, when actresses and authors have been boomed in your newspapers, has brought upon you severe criticism behind your back—so contradicted by your public life, which is a mixture of ruthlessness and irresponsibility?

You may not know it, but it was when, late one night, I saw in your newspaper office a proof of another stupid attack upon the League of Nations, that I determined to leave you.

* * *

For years, because of my liking for you and your staff, I went on serving something I knew to be against the interests of the world's future. Then I had to resign.

Your mind is still in some Canadian prairie. Canadians, coming to London, never learn that we know more about Empire in the Walworth Road than they ever learn of it in some backwood.

In this country we think of Empire in terms of freedom. The Dominions have a narrower conception, something anti-native, concerned, often, with a development that is allied with plunder.

You helped to bring high finance to Fleet Street, and thereby destroyed its soul. You exalted a Machine when you want a Man. It was mess-production that you worshipped.

If you are an Imperialist, my dear Beaverbrook, why do you print more American news than any other newspaper proprietor in England?

If you are an Imperialist, why is Will Evans your nominee on the Moss Empire board—not developing English flesh-and-blood artists, but trying to turn music-halls into talkie houses which will Americanise us even more than your newspapers do?

If you are an Imperialist, why do you flatter William Randolph Hearst, the anti-Englishman who was kicked out of France, like Jack Diamond and Tex Guinan?

And why have you made so much money out of American pictures?

Imperialism is creation—planning for to-morrow, building up. It is not making money out of shares, nor flattering those who have made it.

At the back of you, you are a Puritan. You like singing hymns. You like reading the Bible.

But for your love of Wealth and your lust of Power, you would be a great Briton. For you have eloquence, political instinct, and, in spite of your shyness, courage.

You hate the League of Nations because it ignores you. You are afraid of Democracy because it has no place for you in its ranks.

If you believe in a New England, as you pretend, why don't you stop the murderous killing of the Town Planning Bill? If you believe in Youth, why do you not encourage the health services?

You pander to women in your newspapers by giving them silly bunk about Pola Negri and Greta Garbo. There are greater women than those, although you have never heard of them.

They are doing the world's work—not making faces on the screen.

Beaverbrook, you are old-fashioned.

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sir HENRY BETTERTON,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Unemployed men in a South London kinema were advised by a screen message to go to the entrance hall, where they would be given particulars of a job.

Interviewed by a man who said he needed six men for special work, they heard nothing further until they visited the Employment Exchange, when they were told that their benefit would be stopped for six weeks because they were frequenters of kinemas.

I should like to know if this mean trick has your approval. Is it a crime for an unfortunate man to spend a few pence instead of walking the streets or idling at home?

JOHN BULL.

JAMES WRIGHT, Southsea: For returning lost mail-bag containing £230 you have been rewarded with ten shillings. Evidently Post Office is determined to economise somehow.—JOHN BULL.

Sir COOPER RAWSON,
M.P. *for Brighton*

DEAR SIR COOPER,—I hope you are satisfied with the Home Secretary's explanation—in reply to your complaint that private letters were being opened by the Brighton postal authorities—that an illegal lottery was being carried on there

This dubious sweepstake, conducted in the name of the Southern Gliders' Social Club, was exposed in these columns weeks ago, and a demand made for drastic official action.

That action has now been taken. Though I respect your regard for the privacy of the post, there are times when that privacy must be broken in the interests of the public JOHN BULL.

R. W. KENNEDY, Newcastle-on-Tyne: Admire your pluck in climbing blazing building to rescue old man. As you are unemployed, trust your reward will be a job.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. DOUGLAS COWBURN,
South London Coroner

DEAR SIR,—When a man in Brixton Prison was taken ill, his daughter, who was visiting him, was refused permission to see him in hospital, nor was she informed of his condition.

The man died in the prison hospital, and at the inquest you protested that the warders did nothing to relieve the girl's anxiety, and rightly ridicule the excuse that they were too busy.

I hope your well-merited criticism will lead to an enquiry by the prison governor. JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN WOODMAN,
Ovington, Northumberland

DEAR SIR,—Though you are ninety years old, you have pluck and promptness that many a youngster might envy.

When attacked by a bull, you seized it by the horns and firmly clung to them until help came and you were rescued.

I congratulate you on your escape, and I look forward to congratulating you, ten years hence, on your centenary.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. PETER DAWSON,
Ealing Common, London, W.

DEAR PETER,—Your immense popularity as a singer has not spoiled you. Learning that a woman song-writer was fighting for success in London and about to admit failure, you listened to her latest song and within twenty-four hours had made a gramophone record of it.

Then you sang it at big concerts, and so placed the composer firmly on the ladder to recognition.

This is not the first time you have gone to the help of a struggling musician. Your health and song, sir!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ERNEST BROWN,
Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Health

DEAR SIR,—Greater efficiency and less waste of time at Westminster should be the aims of the Select Committee of which you are chairman.

It is necessary, too, that the House of Commons should be given more effective control over public expenditure. The voting of huge sums of money without M.P.s having any effective means of scrutinising Departmental spending is a farce which must be stopped.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. J. H. KEENE,
Carlton House, Chelmsford

DEAR MADAM,—I applaud your generosity in giving away nearly £100,000, chiefly to hospitals and the poor, from the fortune of your late husband.

Though Mr. Keene, a millionaire, left no specific instructions about charitable bequests, you say you know you are carrying out his wishes.

And I know that you are a fine example to other rich widows.

JOHN BULL.

LORD HAILSHAM, War Office: Fewer soldiers apply for vocational training before returning to civil life. Why not reduce fees?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. W. CURRIE,
Bishop of London's Housing Committee

DEAR SIR,—You talk sense. You ask: "What is the use of a house at 16s. 11d. a week to a man earning low and irregular wages, or to a family of five subsisting on 29s. 3d. a week?" and you maintain that precious little has been done in the matter of housing needs for the London slum dweller.

Members of the L.C.C. should take note of what you say.

They might also read with advantage the article we publish in this issue on the Council Houses Fiasco.

JOHN BULL.

LOVELY YOUNG STARS

Will HOLD the admiration they have won

Fascinating JOAN BLONDEL (*Warner Bros.*) *says: "For very smooth skin I find Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful. I am devoted to it"*

THEY KNOW THE SECRET OF KEEPING THEIR SKIN YOUTHFULLY SMOOTH

THESE young screen stars have no fear of birthdays ahead. They know the secret of keeping youthfully fascinating right through the years.

"We use Lux Toilet Soap to guard our complexions," say practically all the famous stars.

A lovely, smooth skin is *youth* and, if you know how to care for your complexion, birthdays cannot steal the wonderful charm that comes from an exquisite complexion.

You, too, must guard your complexion. You *can*—with gentle, soothing Lux Toilet Soap. You'll love the way it cares for your skin—its delightful fragrance—the quick way it lathers. Grocers, chemists and stores sell Lux Toilet Soap.

Charming LORETTA YOUNG (*Warner Bros.*) *agrees! "I always use Lux Toilet Soap to guard my skin," she says. "It is a lovely soap"*

LUX toilet SOAP

ONLY 4D.

TL 311-312-65 A LEVER PRODUCT

There is nothing "just as good"

THERE is only one "Ovaltine." It has been acknowledged by overwhelming testimony throughout the world to be the food beverage which supplies—to an exceptional degree—correctly balanced nourishment in a highly concentrated form.

The manufacturers have a universal reputation as scientists and specialists in the manufacture of food products. And "Ovaltine" itself is the creation of the finest technical skill added to years of research and investigation.

The desired object was to discover the best natural foods which, in combination, would supply every food element the body needs for the maintenance of perfect physical and mental health.

It was found that those food elements were present most abundantly in malt, milk and eggs. But everything depended upon the quality of these ingredients, the proportions in which they were combined and the process which would concentrate the essential food elements and, at the same time, preserve them at their highest nutritive value.

The correct proportions of each ingredient and the scientific method of preparation were discovered by the manufacturers of "Ovaltine" and this original process, known only to them, is exclusively used for their product.

Moreover—and this is specially important—"Ovaltine" contains no starch and no added sugar to give it bulk and to cheapen the cost. Sugar is cheap and can be added in the home if required.

In consequence of the enormous sales of "Ovaltine" the manufacturers are by far the largest users in the world of malt, milk and eggs for a proprietary food beverage. It is because of the vast quantities of these products which are purchased and the use of the most up-to-date machinery that it is possible to sell "Ovaltine" at the present low prices.

'OVALTINE'

Tonic Food Beverage

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10, *and* 3/3 *per tin.*

P. 806

Exit Mother

MORE WIVES WITH FEWER BABIES

Fewer — but they've a better world to live in

by A. G. GARDINER

THE perambulator as a conveyance is on the way to oblivion with the sedan chair and the stage coach. It is on the way to oblivion for the simple reason that the supply of babies to put in perambulators is falling like the price of shares in a time of slump.

The Registrar-General's return for the last quarter of 1931 shows that the birth-rate during that period was 14.6 per 1,000 of the population—the lowest ever recorded.

The rate for the whole year was 15.8, the lowest ever recorded for a complete year.

Fifty years ago the birth-rate was 35 per 1,000; ten years ago it was 20 per 1,000; to-day it is 15; ten years hence it will be still lower.

It will be still lower because the conditions that have produced the phenomenon will continue to operate.

Born to die

Those conditions are many. Industry fifty years ago was still expanding: it is expanding no longer. A quiverful of children was a part of the gospel of life and any interference with the course of Nature was regarded as an offence against the Creator.

The farm labourer brought up his ten children on his twelve shillings a week on a standard of life as low as that of the cattle in the fields—often a lower standard, for the cattle had to be fed and the labourer and his children not seldom starved.

The case of the artisan and the office worker was only a little better; but whatever their impoverishment each year or so brought with it a new baby to the family circle.

And so through all phases of society. A family of twenty children was no uncommon case. A family of ten was quite ordinary. Of course, the mortality was appalling. Children perished by the thousand from lack of care, proper food and elementary knowledge. An infantile death-rate in the town of 250 per thousand was common. In 1929 it was only 74 per thousand for the whole country.

All this is changed. The family has become rationalised.

The revolution that has taken place in the position of women in the modern world has widened their interests and activities, and in doing so has reduced the place which child-bearing had in the lives of their mothers and grandmothers.

Women cut their families to the dimensions of their purses, insist on pleasures which were formerly outside their enjoyment and want a standard of life which is not commensurate with a houseful of children.

This is not a wholly selfish attitude. Modern women are more concerned about the quality of their children than about the quantity and refuse to bring into existence more offspring than they are likely to have the means to support.

A family of ten in this generation is almost unknown and a family of five is a rarity.

But, on the other hand, the babies which are born have a greater chance of growing up healthy and well-cared-for than babies ever had, and children never had so good a time in the world as they have to-day. The social effect of all this upon the future can hardly fail to be beneficial.

Britain's lead

But what does the tendency portend in regard to the economic outlook of the country? Have we from the population point of view touched our zenith and are we destined to decline in numbers and influence among the peoples of the earth?

While Mussolini is imploring his people to breed more and more children, while France is giving a bonus on big families, and while the population of Japan and Russia and in a less degree Germany are still on the upgrade, we have taken the lead of the world in checking the growth of population.

The extent to which we have done this is at present concealed by another fact. The fall in the death-rate is no less remarkable than the fall in the birth-rate. In the last fifty years we have cut down the death-rate by nearly a half. It was 20.7 per thousand of the population in 1880. It was 11.7 last year. We have added a score of years to the average life of the community and our death-rate, like our birth-rate, is the lowest among those of the great nations of the earth.

This fact, as I say, conceals the extent of the decline in our fertility. We are keeping up our population not so much because we are being born as because we refuse to die.

The nation is getting more and more an elderly nation with a higher proportion of old people and a smaller proportion of young.

But this equilibrium will not be maintained. The death-rate must be near its minimum: the birth-rate has no minimum. Already we are near the turning point in population.

Professor Bowley in 1924 estimated that the point would be reached in 1942. But since he wrote the fall in the birth-rate has speeded up, and it is now pretty certain that the peak will be reached before 1940, and that with the continuance of low and lower birth-rates decline will set in.

Is this prospect an occasion for alarm or for satisfaction, or for neither or both? This depends on whether we think that national well-being is to be measured in terms of population or not. Obviously, there must be some limit to a desirable population, and if any country has reached that limit it is this country.

England is the most thickly populated of the great countries of the earth. We have over 600 people to the square mile, against Germany's 348, France's 192, Italy's 358, the United States' 36, Japan's 321, Russia's 61 (in Europe) and 4 (in Asia), and so on.

On the face of it, if any country can afford a little "slimming" it is our own. How far the process will go depends on our industrial future even more than on the tendency of the birth-rate.

No prophet, but—

If we can recover and retain our industrial leadership of the world we shall be able to maintain something like our present population, and if we cease to breed our own stock there will be other stocks (as in the past) ready to come in and keep our population up to the necessary level.

If, on the other hand, we cease to hold our pre-eminence in face of the fierce competition which, stimulated by the War, has sprung up all over the world, then the declining birth-rate will begin to scale down our population.

I do not venture on prophecy. I remember that little more than a hundred years ago, when England had a population of under 10,000,000, Malthus was proving that we were so over-populated that there would soon not be enough food to go round.

To-day, with a 40,000,000 population, our people are better clothed, better fed and better housed than ever in history. That is a warning against prophesying what things will be like in this country a century hence.

But I think it is much more likely that our population will decline than that it will increase. And I am sure that babies will never be so plentiful as they were in the past. But they will be better cared for. They will live. And I am confident that they will have a better world to live in.

Good luck to them!

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Mr. Strawsplitter, K.C., defends the methods of—

THE GOLDEN ASS

HOW does the busy barrister
Employ each shining hour?
By swotting case law good and hard,
And quoting judgments by the yard,
His learned friend to cower.

These ancient, mouldy precedents
Will earn him handsome fees;
Refreshers will accrue each day
If he can show that Snoofkins, J.,
With Spoofkins disagrees.

Hence, deep was our disgust to hear
A certain learned judge
Speak of these things with disrespect,
Describing case law, in effect,
As so much bally fudge!

Crooks do not blow the gaff on crooks,
Thieves do not split on thieves,
Dogs eat not dog, and when, alas!
A lawyer turns against his class,
The whole profession grieves!

The JOHN BULL public knows me too well to imagine that I would bring forward an objection without good cause, and I can assure you that it is with a heavy heart that I rise to protest against some remarks made in the King's Bench Division of the Royal Courts of Justice by Mr. Justice McCardie.

A woman had claimed for the loss of her husband, who was killed by the collapse of a crane, and the learned judge was compelled to decide on the "authorities" that there was no right of action against the owners of the crane.

He, however, took it upon himself to add that the legal discussion he had just listened to revealed "the absolutely deplorable state of English case law."

He even went so far as to assert that no intelligent layman can help wondering "how it is such a state of confusion exists"—though what laymen have to do with law, or what the law has to do with intelligence, I cannot imagine.

I have not previously suspected Mr. Justice McCardie of Bolshevist tendencies, but how else can one explain his heterodox announcement that if he had his way he would wipe out two-thirds of the decisions and five-sixths of the dicta of dead and gone judges?

Having allowed his tongue to get the better of his judgment, his lordship went on to urge that the courts should have "plain, clear rules"—a suggestion which, if it had come from anyone but a learned judge, I should describe as rank heresy and clotted nonsense.

Precedents form the very basis of English law. The only possible way of deciding an issue relating (say) to a motoring collision in this year of grace is to delve back and discover what some judge decided in a case involving a collision between sedan chairs in 1635.

Take away case law and what is left? Nothing but common-sense—and it will be a sad day for British jurisprudence when horse-sense is valued above horse-hair!

Here is a case we must decide—a case
'twixt man and man. . . .
Now what did Justice Boffin say in the
reign of good Queen Anne?
I don't know, and you don't know, and
nobody dashed well cares—
But what a magnificent chance it gives
for the splitting of half-split hairs!

What Boffin said when Anne was Queen
is probably not the same
As Goffin said in the reign of John—and
so the entrancing game
Continues while refreshers mount and
lean K.C.s grow fat—
And defendant pawns his Sunday suit
while the plaintiff eats his hat!

That famous

"GLASS AND A HALF"

and the reason why

There's no milk better than the best British Milk; and that's the milk that goes into Cadbury's Milk Chocolate. On over 800 British farms special herds of cows are kept exclusively for this purpose. Within a few hours of milking, the day's rich yield, with all its cream, is being mixed with the pure chocolate in generous measure—a glass and a half for every half-pound block, half a cup for every 2d. bar. Help British industry by buying—

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VILLIERS Free Wheel.
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also 107, Cheapside E.C.2.

IN AGONY FOR SIX MONTHS

Awful Burning on Face and Hands. Cuticura Healed.

"I had an awful burning sensation that seemed to be under my skin, and then red pimples broke out on my face and hands. The itching and burning went on and I was desperate. Then the skin on my hands began to break at the knuckles, and I could not wash them because of the pain. I was in agony for six months.

"I read about the wonders of Cuticura Ointment. I purchased some and after using a week I got relief. I purchased another box of the Ointment and before it was half finished I was completely healed." (Signed) James McNee, 492, Rutherglen Rd., South Side, Glasgow, C. 5, Scotland.

Use Cuticura to clear your skin.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

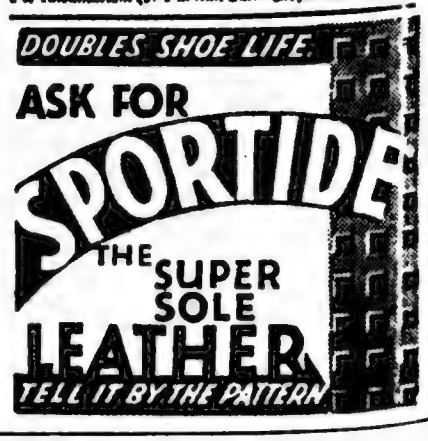
BEST TIME TO END CATARRH

Now that Spring is coming, use a little Nostroline Nasal Specific and banish your Catarrh completely. Now is the time. "Nostroline" clears the head and stops discharge. Ends drumming in the ears and dreadful stuffiness in head, nose or throat. Soothing, pleasant and comforting, it ACTS AT ONCE. Splendid for Head Colds and best remedy for Children's Colds. 1/3 at all chemists.

Free Sample from "Nostroline" 1.73, Clifton Bristol.

'NOSTROLINE'

For Rheumatism go: Thomson Salts 6d. per box 11 Gerrard St.



City of Dreadful Graft

THE WORST MUNICIPAL SCANDAL EVER

BEHIND the tragedy of Mr. Digby Willoughby, who was found dead in a gas-filled room in Helensburgh, Dumbartonshire, lies the greatest municipal scandal this country has ever had to face.

That is why Mr. Willoughby, although he was an ex-Lord Mayor of Hull and possessed an outstanding record for splendid national service, was quietly buried in the city he served so long, without civic honours.

Ugly rumours are current, alleging his association with other prominent Hull officials in widespread graft, particularly with regard to land purchase and building development.

The enquiry that the Ministry of Health is to open into the matter at Hull on March 21 must be public and searching.

It is not enough that local officials should be vindicated or condemned.

The reputation of an ancient city is at stake and the interests of British taxpayers must be specially watched, since at least one of the schemes that will come under review was carried out with the aid of a £50,000 Government grant.

He worked hard

There are several hints we can give as to the line the enquiry should take; but in fairness to Mr. Willoughby, who cannot now defend himself, we should first like to tell the public something of his fine record.

He began to interest himself in municipal affairs in 1914, and afterwards became chairman of practically every committee of the Corporation.

He was elected sheriff in 1919, and became Lord Mayor in 1924. Such was his civic pride that he delved into history books, and, discovering that former mayors had been improperly robed, introduced more impressive garments, which earned him the reputation of being the best dressed Lord Mayor in the country.

He also reorganised a part of the Guildhall, putting in great reception and banqueting halls, with stained-glass windows bearing the arms of the various City guilds and companies, including his own.

Extravagances of this sort naturally brought hostile criticism; but he certainly applied himself to all his multifarious official duties with conscientious zest.

His monument . . .

As Lord Mayor he entertained the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York; he also bestowed the Freedom of the City upon Mr. Lloyd George.

As chairman of the Housing and Town Planning Committee, he sponsored many fine schemes. He built ring-roads round the city; pushed through a great slum-clearance campaign; and clinched the great North bridge scheme, for which he obtained a Government grant of £50,000.

Many of these vast improvements to the city were carried through in the face of great opposition.

Whatever the outcome of the coming enquiry may be, these things—and other equally fine achievements—will always remain as a monument to Mr. Willoughby's memory.

What, meanwhile, are the allegations that are being made against this deceased man and various officials and others who are now living?

Only the vaguest hints have been made openly, but we can reveal that the fullest enquiry will certainly have to be made into certain transactions between the Corporation and individuals regarding the purchase of land for new development schemes.

Mr. Willoughby (right) in his civic dress as Lord Mayor of Hull

A committee was, in fact, formed some time back to delve into questions of land purchase for the past ten years; but it never seemingly achieved anything, or if it did, the public was never told.

One deal about which nasty rumours have been floated involves the acquisition for several thousand pounds of a plot of land that had been bought by the vendor only a few weeks previously and at a much lower figure.

Collusion mystery

Who notified this vendor of the Corporation's intentions to buy it, thus enabling him to make a rapid and handsome profit. Some say Willoughby; but he cannot defend himself. This is one mystery that must be cleared up.

There is also said to have been similar collusion between someone on the Corporation and a business man who had to be compensated when his premises were scheduled for demolition in a new road scheme.

The scheme was certainly Mr. Willoughby's, and he completed it in the face of marked opposition. Hull to-day has one of the finest thoroughfares in the country, the opening of which was attended by the then Minister of Transport.

Illicit profits

It is therefore all the more desirable that any suggestion of graft in connection with this undertaking should be satisfactorily investigated.

Other land deals have been mentioned as involving illicit profits on the part of the vendors and someone on the Corporation, while the manner in which certain contracts were dispensed is being made the subject of criticism.

Rumour actually accuses the ex-Lord Mayor of having benefited illicitly from certain contracts.

All such rumours must be thoroughly examined.

Finally, there has been circulated a printed account of an extraordinary incident that is said to have taken place in Mr. Willoughby's shop only twenty-four hours before he left Hull for Scotland, never to return.

Was it a trap?

He was in his tailoring shop when a man entered, placed a bundle of notes on the counter, murmured something about services rendered, and withdrew.

It is alleged that these notes were marked; that a police officer entered the shop immediately afterwards and demanded to see them.

Mr. Willoughby is said to have permitted the officer to take them away; but no action of any kind seems to have followed.

What does this mean? Was it an attempted trap that failed? Or has it more sinister significance? Every scrap of evidence bearing upon this incident must be collected and thoroughly sifted.

When all the points we have raised are gone into, we are very much afraid it will be found that Hull's proud record of progress has been tarnished by corruption on a scale more reminiscent of the graft-ridden cities of America than of Great Britain.

CROOKED EDITOR'S Snare

THE country is being flooded with circulars inviting investors to participate in "The Combination (Syndicate) System of Stock Exchange Speculation," under the guidance of a "financial journalist and editor of over twenty-five years' experience."

These circulars are accompanied by a news bulletin, headed "Financial Intelligence," and are said to be issued privately from 24, Buckingham Street, London, W.C.2.

Investors are reminded that three things are essential in making money—capital, advance financial intelligence, and means of operation.

* * *

The "financial journalist and editor" is apparently prepared to furnish the last two "essentials" if the public can be persuaded to entrust him with the money.

"Many clients desire to profit by my experience and market knowledge," he declares. "To meet their requirements I organise 'Syndicates' of fixed amount, divided into £10 units, plus a premium of £1 per unit."

Money so subscribed, he adds, will be invested under his supervision and discretion, and big profits are said to be "assured."

Set forth with a wealth of financial jargon and embellished with quotations from the immortal Mr. Gladstone, it all sounds very plausible and attractive.

* * *

But if investors will be warned by us they will consign all these unsolicited circulars and letters to the fire without compunction.

They need have no fear that by so doing they will miss a golden opportunity of rising rapidly to wealth.

For the individual behind this scheme—the self-described "financial journalist and editor of over twenty-five years' experience"—is none other than Thomas Sleigh Appleton, whose financial record is appalling.

He has been behind many ventures that have been exposed in these columns, and some of his crooked exploits have earned him long terms of imprisonment.

A nice man, indeed, to exercise "supervision and discretion" in the handling of other people's money!

Folly Girl's Confessions

The confessions of Mary Nolan, "Follies" girl and film star, now appearing in the new *Picturegoer*, reach a dramatic climax in the number on sale to-day.

"The world's most beautiful blonde" reveals how her enemies in Hollywood spread rumours to brand her as a drug fiend, and how she frustrated their diabolical plot. Do not miss her thrilling story!

Ryders SEEDS

New and old customers are ordering generously this season. The phrase—

HEAVEN for TWOPENCE

was used by one of our customers on seeing a bed of flowers raised from one of our 2d. packets. *You* will have a like experience if you sow RYDERS SEEDS. Practically all seeds, even the choicest varieties in 2d. packets.

Send a postcard to-day (affixing 1d. stamp) applying for our Catalogue.

RYDER & SON (1920) LTD.

St. Albans

PAINFUL FEET Painful feet should be treated immediately as serious troubles often develop quickly. There is no need to suffer pain.

IMMEDIATE RELIEF Immediate Relief can be obtained by the use of **WIZARD FOOT COMFORT APPLIANCES.** There is a Wizard Device for nearly every form of foot trouble.

NO METAL Wizards are made entirely from soft pliable leather and contain no metal. They take the weight of the body from the painful part and are adjustable for each individual need.

FREE BOOK Send for **FREE Book** describing the Wizard System, and containing good news for sufferers from painful feet, to **WIZARD FOOT COMFORT SERVICE, BRADFORD ST., WALSALL.**

Wizards are obtainable from all branches of **BOOTS THE CHEMISTS, SAXONE SHOE CO.,** and leading Shoe Stores throughout the country.

WIZARD SYSTEM

GVS 66

No matter what you do—

—your face powder STAYS ON

Many a man has been won by a beautiful complexion. Women who know this secret are particular to always use face powder blended with mousse of cream. It stays on for hours at a time, in spite of wind, rain, or even when dancing in a warm ballroom. The mousse of cream not only makes the powder very adherent and invisible, but it does away with a shiny nose and sleek, greasy coarse appearance. In Poudre Tokalon, the mousse of cream is scientifically blended with the finest air-floated powder, by patented process. Poudre Tokalon is the only face powder which gives to any woman's complexion that indescribable fresh, youthful appearance all men so much admire. 1/- a box.

Warded off INFLUENZA..

"LAST Saturday I had a temperature and all the symptoms of influenza. I ached all over. On a friend's advice I decided to try your Musterole Brand Ointment. I applied the ointment before going to bed Saturday night and put on a second application Sunday. Monday morning the cold was completely broken up, and in a day or so was entirely gone."
—A.R.C., Burlington Gardens, Chiswick.

• • •

If you feel feverish and ache all over, rub on this clean, white ointment, and feel the pain easing... going... gone, as the tingling, soothing warmth penetrates deep down, draws out the inflammation, stops the pain. Thousands have used this famous ointment for years because it brings such quick relief. Ask any user. They will tell you how effective it is for relieving those 'flu pains, breaking up congestion and drawing out inflammation. Your favourite chemist has Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. Get a jar today.

MUSTEROLE BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT
MADE IN ENGLAND.

Thos. Christy & Co., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4

AN UNCOMFORTABLE GUEST

Your false teeth

How many of us know to our cost what an uncomfortable and unwelcome visitor the dental plate can be. For the first two or three weeks after the dentist has delivered his piece of handiwork—well, life is hardly worth living. Even after the mouth has grown more or less accustomed to sheltering this unwelcome guest there still remains a sense of there being something in the mouth which never "feels" clean, and whose slight but constant chafing and crowding of the gums throws a shadow of discomfort and irritation over every day. We hold our denture under the tap, we soap it, we rub and we scrub it, but always, always it feels and it tastes nasty—in fact it *is* nasty! What a godsend to the people condemned to wear dentures Milton proved to be when someone discovered it a few years ago—at least, so one judges from the hundreds and hundreds of letters which have poured in upon the makers. The quick and thorough job which the half-teaspoonful of this fluid does to a denture in the ordinary tumbler of cold water seems at first like a miracle. But miracle or no miracle, the delightful feeling of mouth comfort which invariably follows upon its use breaks up that cloud of chafing and irritation, and brightens once more the day of the denture wearer. Many of us were at first so amazed by the seeming miracle which Milton had worked with our plates that we shook our heads. Could such a miracle take place without the denture being damaged? Many a dentist shook his head! Thank goodness, the Hospitals have now swept away any possibility of doubt. The clean bill of health which they have handed out to this sixpenny wonder-worker is a real gleam of sunlight in these dark days to every wearer of a dental plate. We may wear our plates *with comfort* and with never a doubt about their safety! Bravo!

Without a Shadow of Doubt

—IT IS THE QUALITY AND THE QUANTITY THAT MAKE—

Player's Please

10 for 6D
20 for 11½D

N.C.C/S.

Weekly Informations from **Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs**

James' audacious scheme to "beat the Tote" impressed a number of people. But their money never passed through these little windows

Impudent Tote Fraud

Bets with Phantom Syndicate

A FLAT-RACING totalisator scheme as sound as War Loan, yet offering a return on investments amounting to 260 per cent. a year, sounds too fantastic to be given credence.

But certain enterprising individuals have nevertheless had the audacity to launch such a proposition, which has resulted in the swindling of countless investors in every part of the country.

I have before me a selection of the impressive printed matter that has been distributed as bait, and it provides astonishing reading.

There is a personal letter from one R. Lester James, who, writing from the headquarters of the scheme at 17, Oxenden Street, Haymarket, London, begs to be excused for his presumption in approaching a stranger, but believes that what he has to say will prove sufficiently interesting to secure indulgence.

Making thirteen lucky

It seems that the development of the totalisator in this country has induced Mr. R. Lester James to study its possibilities in connection with the working of a system that he has successfully exploited upon the Continent.

The result of his observations is embodied in an elaborately printed chart, showing details of actual operations during a trial period of thirteen weeks.

Anyone who believes thirteen to be unlucky must surely revise his views after a perusal of this chart; for it shows —or purports to show—that Mr. R. Lester James, starting with a stake of £100, contrived to reap a net profit of £1,259 at the end of this short trial period.

Figures for every transaction are set forth in a detailed statement which occupies two printed pages, and it all looks very convincing.

What has been done once, argues Mr. R. Lester James, can undoubtedly be done again. So he notifies hundreds of strangers throughout the land that he is forming a private syndicate to enable him to enlarge his operations.

Grandiose promises

So confident is he of success, that he is prepared to guarantee investors weekly interest at the rate of 5 per cent., after payment of which he talks of putting the balance of winnings into a reserve fund.

Disbursements from this reserve will be made to members of the Syndicate quarterly on a most generous scale. Mr. R. Lester James proposes to content himself with a fee representing 10 per cent. of the gross takings.

There is only one stipulation he makes. Subscriptions must be in multiples of £20 or £50. And he obligingly encloses printed application forms to enable clients to participate with a minimum of trouble.

People in all parts have been induced to invest £20 and upwards, and if I take one typical experience—that of a widow, whose home is in Norwich—readers will be able to appreciate the cleverness with which this scheme has been operated.

Having invested £20 in response to Mr. R. Lester James' personal letter, this widow was delighted when she began to receive weekly cheques for £5, which were supposed to be "interest as promised."

Then, one day a smart car drew up at her villa and an impressive individual, who introduced himself as Mr. R. Lester James, begged the privilege of an interview.

Welshed!

The results of his scheme, he declared, had surpassed even his most optimistic calculations. Already he had been able to place thousands of pounds to reserve, and, encouraged by the success that had attended the past flat-racing season, was planning a fresh campaign in which only original investors would be privileged to participate.

He produced documents and ran over columns of impressive calculations relating to the new venture, and as a result the widow was so impressed that she was induced to entrust him with a further £500.

From that moment nothing more was heard. The weekly £5 "interest" cheques stopped and letters of enquiry were completely ignored.

When the widow finally took her sorrowful story to the police it was to learn that Mr. R. Lester James and his precious schemes were already the subject of enquiry.

That is true, but the trouble is that, partly because of the gaming aspects of the whole proposition, and partly from a fear of being made to appear foolish for their credulity, victims have been reluctant to figure in any prosecution.

I have particulars before me of a man in Scotland who has been mulcted of £800 in precisely similar circumstances to those I have described; and there are numerous smaller investors who have lost sums of £20 or £50.

They fade away

How much money is involved altogether I should not like to estimate, but it will be appreciated that the figure must be very high indeed when the whole country has been combed and the instances brought to my own notice alone total several thousand pounds.

Now that clamouring clients have become too pressing, the individuals behind this scheme have simply abandoned their London headquarters and temporarily disappeared.

But enquiries I have had made reveal some interesting facts.

The office from which this scheme was run was rented from a woman who conducts a letter and parcels bureau and controls furnished offices that may be taken on short lease.

In this case she let an office in all good faith to a Mr. James Rickaby, whom she believed to be engaged in genuine commercial enterprises.

She was surprised to find later that a Mr. R. Lester James seemed to occupy this office almost exclusively, but this individual explained that he was confidential secretary to Mr. Rickaby, who was engaged on very important business elsewhere.

When Mr. James recently vacated the premises without notice, the landlady was inundated with complaints by letter and from people who called in person expressing great anxiety for money they had invested in this Tote Syndicate scheme.

The enquirers included officers from Scotland Yard, and letters have had to be returned to their senders in various parts of the country.

The mystery deepens when I reveal that yet another man figured in the scheme and gave his name as Alfred Henry Burnett.

Tell the police!

As no one at the South London address which this man furnished as his permanent residence knows anything about him, it is difficult for me to carry this investigation any further.

But I hope victims will overcome their reluctance to prosecute and give the authorities every support in their endeavours to bring the offenders to book.

The Human Machine

Are You a Tram?

THE great majority of people go through life too smoothly. They glide along, day after day, running on the same rails, finding things much the same week in and week out, going nowhere in particular, getting nowhere in particular.

They say life's dull. They're bored, more often than not. They complain of the lack of excitement.

It never occurs to them that the trouble is in themselves. They never realise that the reason nothing happens is that they are utterly unenterprising. Of course, such people are "safe"—and if there is any great virtue in being safe they have doubtless good reason for being pleased with themselves; but they should bear in mind the old adage that "the man who never makes a mistake will be found taking his orders from one who does."

Unenterprising people never make mistakes because they are never pioneers. They never fall because they are afraid to climb. They don't even stumble, because they funk going where there are any obstacles.

That's why they never get anywhere; they're merely human trams, and human beings weren't meant to be trams.

The human brain is—or should be—a living dynamo of creative ideas; but don't let us forget that no idea in the world is worth much until it has been tried out and proved practicable.

Almost anyone can think up an idea, but only those who are willing to take a chance, to make mistakes, to risk disappointments, can turn ideas into practical facts.

We don't need to go about trying to make mistakes: that's a game any fool can play. But we do need to cultivate the pluck and the courage to take a risk for the sake of something we believe to be worth while.

There is no other way of making progress. To be content to be a human tram is to be content with stagnation. We should have the pluck to climb and take the tumbles if they come. For though we fall, we may have grasped something we should never have known had we not climbed.

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POPULAR 'H' MODEL

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GET *YOUR* Hercules *NOW*

This is the time for getting out and about . . . on a Hercules. *Your* Hercules is waiting for you at your nearest dealer. Get it on the easiest of easy terms. Get it NOW! Try it out during the week-ends. Fit yourself for long Easter runs. Hercules will save you pounds—in first cost and in travel costs. In next to no time it will save you its price. See your dealer's display of Hercules Roadsters, Light Roadsters and Racers. All supreme cycles. Models for men and for women.

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Hercules

CHROMIUM PLATED BRITISH CYCLES

H C 12

TO LET—

Mr. Angus Scott was elected chairman of the L.C.C. the other day. We look to him and the vice-chairman and deputy-chairman —Dame Beatrix Hudson Lyall and Miss Agnes Dawson—on his left and right—to initiate investigation of this scandal

—STOLEN HOMES

UNDER the cloak of social development, great numbers of people in this country are to-day being openly robbed and, in many instances, condemned to pauperism by the gross abuse of municipal powers.

The victims of this outrage are the small property-owners—mostly men and women who, after a lifetime of industry and thrift, have put their savings in bricks and mortar, either by buying houses for the occupation of themselves and, later, their families, or as an investment to assure them of an income in the evening of their days.

Thousands of them in all parts of Britain are being wickedly deprived of their property and the revenue from it, and are being turned adrift with practically no compensation.

Ostensibly, their homes and houses are being taken from them by local authorities for the purposes of improvement schemes.

Actually, scores of municipalities up and down the country are using their statutory powers to acquire property of considerable value on the cheap and to make profit from it.

Ruthless grabbing

If they do intend to carry out improvements they know that it will be many years before these begin.

Yet their officials are recklessly and relentlessly making plans to confiscate more property on a wholesale scale and thereby reduce the owners of it to destitution.

Having seized an area, or block, or street of houses for next to nothing, local authorities everywhere are drawing the rents from the occupiers while the former owners look on helplessly and starve.

A trail of tragedy marks the course of this rapacity throughout the land.

Some of these men and women, who have had taken from them all they possessed of capital value, have, in their despair, been driven to suicide. In some cases they were too old and in others too feeble in health to resume the battle of life after the merciless conduct of their local councils.

We have before us the facts regarding a disabled ex-Service man who died by his own hand in the Midlands. For the sake of his family we are asked not to identify him.

Broken in the war, this poor fellow could not resume his former trade. So, with his savings and money provided by friends, he bought a small shop and from it faced the world and paid his creditors.

He spent about £400 in reconstructing and fitting the premises. Then the local authority officers seized it, as they said, for an improvement plan and he was paid £16 as compensation.

Widows especially predominate among those who have been so ruthlessly robbed. All they had for security in old age were the homes left to them by their husbands or a house or houses which they had bought with their small means to provide them with a livelihood.

Into the workhouse

Many of these victimised women have had to seek the refuge of the workhouse and others to suffer the indignity of having to depend upon poor-law relief.

Appalling also have been the consequences among small tradesmen who, by their possession of a house or a shop, were able to pay their way. Like retired people who relied for an income from their property which they believed would also pass to their sons or daughters, many of them have become insolvent and, too often, have had to enter the bankruptcy courts.

How has this shameful, large-scale robbery been legalised? It is an astonishing story.

So wide have become the powers of local authorities in recent years that they can now compulsorily acquire property on the thinnest pretext. It need not be worn-out, insanitary, or unfit for occupation. It can be confiscated if it is declared to be required for any purposes of improvement, however nebulous or distant the scheme may be.

A leaseholder so dispossessed of his property gets absolutely nothing. A freeholder receives nothing for the stone and lime itself and, because of a wicked standard of valuation, can obtain only a fractional value of the land.

Lord Dunedin, the eminent law lord, in a House of Lords judgment, has mildly described this as a "flagrant injustice."

Poorer, the better

When local authorities began to seize property for "improvements" but continued to draw rents instead, a temporary check was applied by the Court of Appeal, which held that this monstrous practice was illegal.

The Ministry of Health soon saw to the circumventing of that verdict, and, almost unnoticed by the public, local authorities have now been empowered to do as they please with property which they commandeer. They can sell it, or, as they are now commonly doing, collect the rentals, callously ignoring the claims of the owners who have had their homes and livelihood torn away from them.

It is significant that the victims of this downright robbery are invariably small men and women who cannot afford to go to law. The big landlord who can afford to do so is being left alone.

The London County Council, the greatest civic corporation in the world, is specially guilty.

Sheer robbery

From a great number of cases, we take that of Mrs. Gilbert, of Western Place, Paddington, as typical.

She is a widow with a family of five, and when her husband died six years ago, she devised a means of existence for them by buying four houses, upon the reconstruction of which she spent several hundred pounds, and which she let at £1 2s. 6d. weekly.

Sixteen months ago the L.C.C. seized all the property and paid only £20 for each house.

They evicted the tenants. Soon, however, the Council reopened the houses and for a year have been taking the rents which Mrs. Gilbert and her children once looked to for their income.

Exactly similar treatment has been meted out to Miss Ryan, of Kelson Road, Kilburn, who derived her property from a legacy and who was compelled to carry out costly improvements before the L.C.C. confiscated it to draw the revenue for themselves.

They don't care

The same kind of thing is rampant in Bermondsey, Stepney, Shoreditch, Battersea, and Marylebone. It is happening unchecked, in fact, all over Britain. The tragedy has been terrible in places like Wallasey and Liverpool and other northern towns.

To make matters worse in its area, Liverpool Corporation has now embarked on two schemes involving the displacement of 5,000 people in the heart of the city. Flats to be built there will cause a loss to the local ratepayers of £15 per flat yearly, for forty years, and a loss to the taxpayers of the country of £17 10s. per flat yearly for the same period.

And Liverpool's housing debt is already £15,000,000, apart from these schemes, equal to £17 per man, woman and child of the population, or an annual total liability of £1,000,000.

Yet, in face of all this and regardless of the suffering caused to the small people from whom the property has been taken, the Corporation now refuses to hear their cry for mercy.

Monstrous abuse

They have pleaded not to have their houses taken from them until such time as they are required for demolition, and they have undertaken to reconstruct them in any manner the council dictates.

In unison with other towns and cities this great corporation says "No" even to this moderate appeal. Instead it insists upon letting and taking the rents from the properties of which it has made itself the owner.

In justice to a very large and deserving section of the community this scandalous exploitation cannot go on. It is not only heartless, but a monstrous abuse of official powers.

SWINDLER *in* SPATS

THE motor trade is the favoured field of many crooks, and news of the latest form of garage swindle reaches us from Hereford, where various unemployed salesmen have been cruelly tricked out of their savings.

Hearing that a vacancy existed in a local garage, each made application for the post and was interviewed by a Mr. Oliver Gray, a smart, businesslike young man, whose gold-rimmed glasses and spats seemed to add to his general air of respectability.

Mr. Gray, declaring that his garage business was flourishing, conducted every applicant round the premises with pride, explaining his requirements in detail.

Unknown to each other, they were all promised the appointment as salesman, and were thus induced to deposit sums ranging from £25 to £200 on the understanding that the post would carry big responsibilities in the handling of cash, etc.

Disillusionment came swiftly when a little crowd of salesmen reported for duty and began to compare notes.

Their anxiety can be imagined when the plausible Mr. Oliver Gray could not be found and a stranger received them in the person of the genuine proprietor of the garage, who knew nothing whatever of the arrangements that had been made!

He had been away on business for a week, it transpired, and Gray, only recently engaged as a salesman himself, had been left in temporary control.

It is now clear that Gray must have had his scheme all devised beforehand; every move was timed, including a visit to a local employment agency, which was induced to send applicants to the garage in all good faith.

As Gray is almost certain to attempt similar frauds elsewhere, a general warning is desirable, and anyone who can furnish information regarding his movements should immediately communicate with the police.

"Show Georgie my picture so that he will remember me as the man I was"—George Thomas Donovan

"Don, the Lifer"—of Mutiny Fame—Self-Revealed in Poignant Letters from his Prison Cell

A FEW weeks ago George Thomas Donovan was unknown to most people, and almost forgotten by those who had once formed his home circle of relatives and friends.

He was simply Convict 249, and for four years he had endured a life of solitude and sorrow in Dartmoor, oldest and most grim of all our prisons.

"Don, the Lifer" he was to his prison colleagues; in for murder—for life—if the deadly round of cell-scrubbing, exercise under vigilant warders, toil in the prison shops and long hours of confinement could be termed life.

Then the mutiny, and Donovan of Dartmoor became known throughout the country—throughout the world even; though "Convict 249," central figure in the mutiny trial, not being permitted to see any newspapers, knows nothing of his fame.

Rumour's plaything

Dramatic stories—some built upon half-truths, some stupidly exaggerated, others entirely fictitious, have been told of Donovan's heroism in facing an infuriated mob of mutinous convicts to protect officials he had grown to respect.

Yet Donovan, central figure of all this sensationalism, remains the least-informed!

It would be idle to speculate as to his possible thoughts could he be handed a file of newspapers recording the different stories that have been circulated about him.

But we can present an accurate picture of the man as he really is to-day and show the things which stand predominant in his mind. We can also publish, exclusively, certain of his prison letters in which are revealed his innermost thoughts.

As for the truth about Donovan's part in the historic mutiny, that will be known in its own good time, when no doubt proper recognition of his loyalty to prison administration will be made.

Donovan is thirty-three to-day. If he serves his long sentence he will be fifty-five before he sees the outside world again; his life will have been wasted.

Georgie, his little son, whom he is not allowed to see, will be in the thirties. His mother and his ailing and crippled father are too poor to make the long journey to Dartmoor to see him.

Donovan racks his brains during the long night hours in his cell, trying to think of ways and means of raising the money for their fare; for they are advanced in years, and he fears he may never see them again.

"And all for a crime I did not commit!" he complains. "God knows I am innocent of it!"

Donovan has one loyal friend, a relative by marriage, who goes to Dartmoor to visit him on every possible occasion when permission can be obtained. He is going again on Sunday, and Donovan will learn something of the fame which has now come to him.

"Though naturally pleased, I am dreading the visit," this relative confessed to us the other day. "You see, it is pitiful when the time comes for leaving. . . I am about the only person from the outside world he ever sees."

Since the day he first entered Dartmoor he has rigidly maintained his innocence. He has reasserted his protest to the Home Secretary, to the Governor and to prison visitors; he voices it in every letter he writes.

"I am innocent; one day the world will know it; even if I have, God forbid, to remain here for the whole period of my life sentence, I will even then clear my name of the crime I never committed."

At his prison interviews with his one staunch friend, Donovan enjoys certain freedom. They sit side by side at a table, while a warder stands aloof at the door.

Son he never sees

During those interviews, the friend tells us, Donovan speaks with frantic haste, fearful that the allotted time for talk will pass before he can discuss half the things that are teeming in his mind.

He plies his visitor with question after question, often with tears in his eyes. How is Georgie . . . what does he look like to-day? Why can't I see him? Is he tall? Is he good? Does he ever ask about me?

When not pressing anxiously for news of his son, Donovan reverts to his own plight. What is happening about my case? Is it being reopened? Have you got someone of influence to look into it?

"If only you could get someone of importance to investigate the real facts," he has often said, "I know I should get a retrial or a free pardon. . . ."

At the last interview he was so beseeching in his demand for home news that the authorities permitted the visitor to remain forty minutes over the usual time.

But the answers that could be given to Donovan's pressing questions, though greedily seized upon by him, are often tragically hollow. The real answer to the question about his son is that he is not permitted even to write to his father.

Friends that were . . .

"George always breaks down when the time comes to leave him," says his friend. "It is awful to watch him . . . it takes days to get the picture out of my mind."

And his letters? Here are extracts from some of them, written from his solitary cell, yet full of human feeling and understanding. Trifling domestic queries are mingled with references to the most burning problems; there are regrets at the antipathy of some of his own relatives and former friends towards him, and bitter comments on his own plight.

To a friend who intended visiting him, Donovan writes:

"I should be very glad to see you, and if you could induce my father and mother to come I should be very grateful to you. . . . I was very pleased with the photos, and I hope you will send me one of the baby when you get one to spare. . . ."

He goes on to write of miscellaneous matters, but the thing that is uppermost in his mind reasserts itself, and at the close of his letter we find him repeating:

"If you happen to see my father and mother please remember me to them and ask them if they can come down with you to see me. . . ."

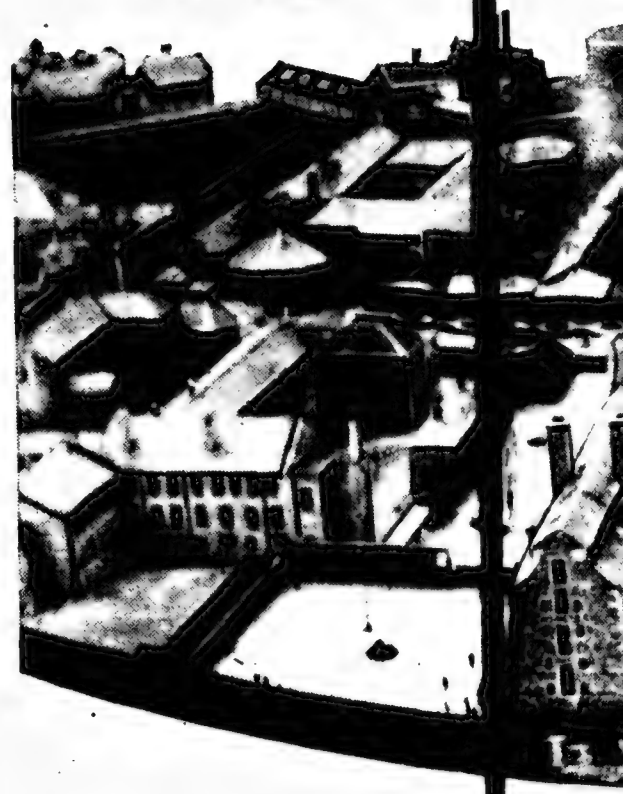
Another letter opens with congratulations for his friend on having obtained a new house. "There is nothing like your own place," he declares, but soon he is again writing of his parents:

"I only wish you could induce my mother to come along with you, or father, or both. Anyway, I should like you to answer this letter as soon as you can, and let me know who are coming, then I will send you the visiting order. I am not allowed to send it out unless I state the names of the people who are coming."

There are poignant passages showing how deeply he feels the indifference of former friends.

"I have not heard from —— or ——," he laments, "or any of the others. . . . Anyway, I don't care what they do or say about me. I know in my own heart I am innocent. And I am longing for the day when I can prove my innocence. I only wish I could get someone of influence to visit me, so that I could give the full details to them."

When the grim jail seethed with mutiny "Don the Lifer" became the "Hero of Dartmoor"



"If you could induce ... mother to co... his wife and

AN of DARTMOOR

"The lifer's" letters betray his bitter despair, sometimes his longing and hope. . . . Here is a facsimile of a letter he wrote before the Dartmoor mutiny

In almost every letter he begs for a new portrait of his boy. "Try and get a photo of young Georgie for me as he is now, if you possibly can." That is his constant plea. Above all else he yearns for photographs of the boy he cannot see.

Sometimes optimism is uppermost in his mind.

"Rest assured that some time or other I shall be out," he writes. "You need not be afraid of doing your best to try and get my case opened again, because I can furnish any proof you need, because I know it would be silly of me to tell lies. . . ."

Sometimes he is bitterly despondent.

"I often wonder if people on the outside know what it feels like to be locked up for life, with about a hundred different people ordering you about. And, above all, to be in a condemned cell, waiting to be killed for a thing you know nothing of. . . . And nobody to help you prove your innocence. . . . I often wish I could make other people understand what it means—being taken away from home and everything of your own. . . "

An unusually long wait for letters from his relatives makes him uneasy.

"I was wondering if you were all ill," he writes in a letter penned just before the mutiny. "Anyway, I hope you are all well."

He loves to look ahead and to discuss forthcoming visits in detail. Thus, we find him commiserating with a relative for the long journey he will have to make, and suggesting that he might arrange to stay overnight in Plymouth.

"I know it is a long way, and I know that you sacrifice some of your holiday and money to come down here," he says frankly; "but I shall make it up to you one of these days, and I am sure you will never regret it."

mother to come to see me . . ." Donovan's his wife and his mother

Little things . . .

Of his son he invariably writes with affection.

"Have you seen anything of George lately?" he asks eagerly. "And if you could only persuade him to have his photo taken and let me have one, I should be very glad."

Sometimes the dearth of news moves him to bitterness. "None of my own people seem to worry much," he complains, adding: "I will not bother you about my own thoughts."

But he is always considerate for other people's worries. "I should not take them too much to heart," was his counsel on one occasion, "because little affairs generally lead to big ones."

In giving this advice Donovan writes from the heart, for he knows from bitter experience what dread results may spring from small beginnings.

The present unhappy position in which he finds himself developed from very small beginnings, until he found himself in the dock at Sussex Assizes on a charge of being implicated with two others in a charge of murder.

"Little affairs generally lead to big ones. . . ." The charge of murder followed his association with a number of undesirable companions in drinking saloons.

His grave was dug

The police could never prove that Donovan was a violent type of person.

But circumstantial evidence connected him with the other two men concerned, and, at the age of thirty, Donovan heard Mr. Justice Avory pass the dread sentence of death upon him and his two companions in the dock.

Throughout his trial, Donovan swore that he had nothing to do with this crime; his reprieve came through suddenly at the eleventh hour, when the scaffold had been erected and his grave already prepared!

Here is his own defence told in the most dramatic of all his prison letters, written to a friend a few months after his arrival at Dartmoor. We give it practically in its entirety:

"I received your very welcome letter and was very glad to hear that you are still going on all right. You ask in your letter if I would give you some details of my case. Well, I may as well start now, and try and explain all that really happened.

"It seems very strange to me that none of my own people seem to trouble themselves much over me, for they seem to be overruled just by what other people say.

"In the first place, I never was with these other two men I am charged with, I never was in the car with them at any time, which they both confess. . . .

"The police say I spent money at an auctioneers' in Seymour Place, off Edgware Road, on April 16, 1928. I never did spend any money on that date, as their (the auctioneers') books will prove, if someone will investigate the matter.

"You will find I spent money there a month or so before this thing happened, when I spent about £30. And this man is supposed to have lost £15.

"I am innocent"

"The police also stated that I bought a new coat and boots from a stall in the Cut, at Waterloo. If anyone can show me a stall where they sell new overcoats and new boots I should be surprised. Anyway, you know yourself that my father had that very coat himself three months before this thing happened.

"While we were at the Appeal Court one of the men charged with me admitted that it was not me who was with him that night. And he also stated: 'I don't know how they mixed you in it, Donovan. I know you were never with us.'

"Now, there are lots of other very important details I could give you, but, as you see, the paper is limited, and I hope you will understand that I am only allowed to write once every three months, so you must excuse me for not writing more often.

"And, as I have said to them all, that if I could get someone to come and see me, someone of position, I could explain everything to them and prove beyond any doubt that I never was with these other men I am charged with; and that I never was in the company of and never did see the old man. . . .

"I know, and God knows, I am innocent, and I feel sure that some time or other the truth will come to light."

Another chance!

Rumours have been current that Donovan is to be released next year and sent abroad to start life afresh. They are quite without official foundation.

At the same time, we certainly think the Home Secretary has ample grounds for sending for all the documents relating to Donovan's case and giving earnest consideration to his dramatic plea.

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GIANTS of FICTION—*Re-created by their Famous Authors (8)*

HAROLD BRIGHOUSE

Makes the Hero of "Hobson's Choice" Swallow Another Bitter Pill

HOBSON'S SAFETY-CATCH

IT isn't certain that Henry Horatio Hobson would have blazed into anger if an impudent boy had called "Prime Beef" after him in the street. He was proud of his considerable person. It was weighty; wherein, he held, it matched his mind.

On a fine morning in the eighties, Mr. Hobson stood framed by the door-posts of the boot-shop in Chapel Street, digesting the breakfast of an Englishman and breathing with conscious gusto the smut-laden air of his native Salford.

"Morning, Mr. Hobson," said the first passer-by.

Mr. Hobson nodded affably.

"Morning, Gaffer," said the second passer-by.

Mr. Hobson waved a condescending hand.

"Morning, Mayor," said the third passer-by.

Mr. Hobson raised his hat—one of those hats which look like the result of a marriage between a tall hat and a bowler—and watched with profound approval the disappearing back of the man whose wink to the off he hadn't seen.

He liked to be addressed as Mayor.

"Yon's a lad of sound ideas," he said. "There's two sorts of mayors in Salford. There's annuals and me. They suffer the necessity of being elected and I don't. They're mayors by the accident of politics and I'm—"

He patted his paunch, and as his fingers came into contact with his heavy gold chain it occurred to him that "Aye, spiritually, which is to say permanently, which is to say for the term of my natural life, that chain's the proper mayoral chain of Salford."

He spoke his thoughts aloud, and "Is it?" he heard at his elbow.

"And recognised as such, my lass," he asserted, "by all right-minded folk."

"I see," said Maggie, sceptically. Maggie Mossop was Hobson's eldest, and she had married Willie Mossop, once a gormless if skilled boot-hand, in the teeth of her father's fighting opposition.

* * *

But that was three years ago, and marriage, he held, had mellowed Maggie. Her uppishness had given place to reasonableness.

The truth was that Hobson, scared for his life by a domineering Scots doctor, had himself dwindled into reasonableness, and that Maggie had saluted the change in his manners by a change in her methods.

It goes without saying that she managed Hobson; it is worth saying, so delicate was her touch, that he was not aware of being managed.

Mr. Hobson heaved himself out of his chair. . . . Maggie was at the door before him

That is why Maggie's present tone struck him as unusual. As a rule, she humoured him, and now she was being contentious about one of his harmless fancies.

"Why, Maggie!" he protested. "Is owt to do?"

It surprised him to feel her hand on his elbow. That, for Maggie, was a demonstration, and a demonstrative Maggie was a portent. Was he, incredibly, being wheedled? Wheedled by Maggie!

"I own I'm worried," she admitted. "A woman can't have everything."

"Women," he sympathetically agreed, "are women." Of course, women couldn't have everything. Women were inferiors.

He remembered she was a married woman; he remembered that, at best, he tolerated her husband. Was it, by some glorious chance, Will about whom she was worried?

"And marriage," he hoped to draw her by saying, "is like water. You can't plunge without getting wet."

"You're meaning Will?" she asked; nor did she bristle as she might have done.

"Aren't you?" he countered.

"Well, I am. For the first time, father, I'm asking you to take sides with me against our Will."

"Maggie," he said. "I knew it. I knew the time would come." Abruptly and happily the Mayor of Salford abandoned that after-breakfast stroll which by exercise was beneficial to his body and by the salutes of his fellow-citizens comfortable to his self-esteem.

To-day he had something better on hand than a promenade. He made to oppose Will Mossop, with Maggie in support.

Oh, at last, at long last, he was going to be allowed to express his feelings towards Will Mossop. He felt the fine exhilaration of a rush of words to the tongue, potent words, sagacious words, scarifying words, magniloquently right words to put an upstart back in his place and to relieve the dammed-up resentments of his reduction to the status of sleeping partner in the firm of Hobson and Mossop.

Just let him get at Will!

"Come inside, Maggie," he said. "We'll none have this on doorstep with all Salford hearkening to you telling me about the failings of your husband. Come away in. Shop's empty at this hour."

"Shop!" he scorned. "More like a parlour than a shop with thy Will's fancy notions of pampering folk, but there's still room to swing a belt in it." An old ardour glowed within him.

"We'll have wits, not welting," Maggie said.

"I'm good at both," he promised her. "I'm nobbut waiting for the facts."

"It's about Lizzie."

Lizzie! A purple flush, expressive at once of his horror and his hope, suffused the face of Mr. Hobson. Lizzie was the servant. "Lizzie," he gasped, "and Will?"

"Don't be so daft, father. This is awkward enough without your making it awkwarder," said Maggie. "I'm meaning Will's views on Lizzie."

As she spoke, Will Mossop came quietly about his business into the shop. Once he spent laborious hours crouching on his cobbler's stool in an insanitary cellar below the shop.

He still made boots, sometimes, but the cellar was sanitary now, and so was Will, who looked so like a confident business man that only Maggie, and possibly not she, knew that he had moments when he felt less confident than he looked.

Certainly, he felt confident just now. "That's settled, Maggie," he said. "And I'll tell you summat, Mr. Hobson's views on this agree with mine."

"Then there's miracles in Salford," Hobson said. "If there's one thing, my lad, that is outside your scope, it's the relations between a mistress and her maid."

"They'll be," said Will pointedly, "even further out of thy scope, father."

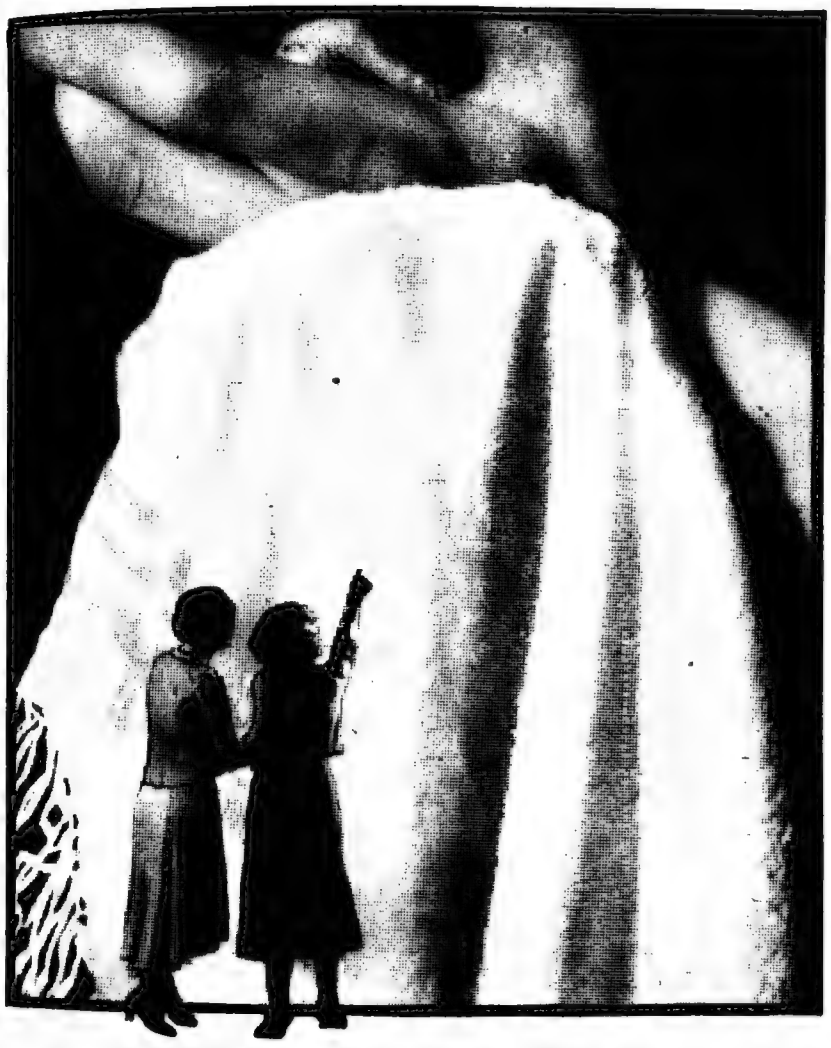
"They won't," said Maggie. "I'm bringing them in."

"The facts," cried Hobson. "Give me the facts."

(Continued on page 26)

You can rub dirt in...

but you can't rub it
out *again*



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"HOBSON'S SAFETY-CATCH"

Continued from page 24

"I dunno," said Will, "as there's owt unnatural about the facts. Lizzie's had followers. One follower in particular."

"Well?"

"He overtook her."

Mr. Hobson heaved himself out of his chair. Masterfully, as a man who knows exactly what he has to do he strode to the house-door.

Curiously enough, Maggie was at the door before him. "Where are you going?"

"Where? I'm going to tell that girl to pack her box, and if Will thinks she's going to stop another hour under this roof——"

Maggie interrupted. "It isn't Will thinks that. It's me."

Mr. Hobson blinked. He felt stunned. From Will, such a view would have struck him as outrageous but unsurprising; Will had outrageous views, by nature. But from Maggie, it was incredible. He'd brought her up.

"Art mad?" he asked.

She shook her head gently.

"Nay, Maggie," he found himself pleading, "it isn't decent."

"That's what I said," Will told him. "I reckoned you'd agree with me."

"I do. It hurts me, but I do. Maggie, I'm moithered. You asked for my support and you've put me in the desperate wrong position of supporting Will." He stumbled to his chair.

"Eh, lass, I'm feeling old. It's an evil day when Will shows a better sense of fitness than our Maggie."

"Thanking you," said Will, "for the heartiness of your support."

"Now sithee, father," said Maggie. "You don't know all the facts. Lizzie's man is a soldier."

"Aye," Will regretted. "This shop's too near to Salford Barracks."

"Strictly," Maggie went on, "he was a soldier. He's been killed fighting in Egypt She's alone in the world, Lizzie is, alone and no hopes. Nobody but me to look to, and you can make up your minds to it, both of you, she isn't going to look to me in vain."

"It's unsocial behaviour," said Hobson impressively. "It's contrary to public morals."

"It agrees very well with my private inclinations," she said.

"I'm a ratepayer. What's poor-house for?"

"Well," Maggie allowed, "I'm not saying owt about the afterwards. I am saying Lizzie stays here till her trouble's over."

"Maggie!"

"Aye, father," said Will. "Now you've got it."

HE got it. A soldier's baby, in Hobson's house. Neighbours! Public opinion!

"Nay, Maggie, for shame!" he said. "Harbouring immorality and flaunting thy misguided charity in the face of all Salford. You mean well, but——"

"I'm doing what I mean, father."

Fahrenheit 212 deg. is boiling-point of water. Is there a human bursting-point? If so, Hobson was within one degree of it; he remembered in the nick of time his principle of "When in doubt, blame Willie." Willie, the permanent scapegoat.

"You call yourself a husband?" he asked "You've as little notion of exercising authority as you have of exercising a Derby winner. It's thy fault, this is, thine, thou half-manned good-for-nowt.

"Why? Read thy Prayer-book. Three years wed and no child of your own or Maggie wouldn't be so fashed about other people's.

"But she lacks a proper husband. Grandfather—that's what I ought to be. They're a man's immortality on earth, grandchildren are. And thou, thou failure in the thing that matters most in marriage——"

It was a hit, perhaps an unfair hit, but the fact was undeniable. Maggie and Will were childless—in the teeming eighties.

"But, at least, you've got grandchildren," Will interrupted. "Your daughter Vicky with three and Alice with two, and many a time you've mentioned summat you're forgetting now. Babies cry. You've been well content to do your grandfathering in other men's houses."

"Don't soldiers' babies cry? I'm being asked to do someone else's grandfathering in my own house. Aye, broken nights at my age for the unsatisfaction of keeping a scandal in my own attic."

Maggie intervened. "Well," she said, there's summat I reckon I must tell you both. I wasn't for mentioning it yet." A wistful Maggie, which was the final danger-signal.

"Then don't," said Hobson. "You've mentioned enough."

Her eyes met Will's, and then she turned her head away. Will Mossop said "By gum!" and then he went to Maggie. Mr. Hobson had the disconcerting experience of feeling that he wasn't there or, if he was, that these twain were speaking a husband-and-wife shorthand, unintelligible to outsiders.

"Maggie!"

"Aye, Will."

And again he said, "By gum!"

MR. HOBSON felt shrivelled in the moment, only a moment, in which Will looked at him—Will Mossop, the man who hadn't failed in the job of being married.

Then Will was all for Maggie, and he saw something which immediately turned him from self-satisfaction. He saw that Maggie was frightened.

At once, dauntlessly, daring him to believe his eyes, she smiled. "Well, Lizzie brought that out. Maybe, I was wrong-headed about Lizzie."

"You've changed your mind," said Hobson, guessing incorrectly.

"She's changed the earth," said Will.

"Wrong-headed," Maggie persisted, "to have tried to take credit for loving-kindness about her."

"I'd call it loving-kindness," Will said.

"Well," she admitted, "partly that. The rest's insurance, like. Her and me . . . and me being kind to her because I'm a selfish woman and I believe in God. I reckon, Will, that if I see her through, God won't let much harm come to me."

"Aye, lass, I reckon."

Mr. Hobson considered himself ignored. Obtusely, with his mind fixed on Lizzie, he missed the deep significance of their conversation and their tenderness.

"And I reckon I'm being left out of the reckoning," he said. "I'm a plain man and I'll thank you two to talk plain English. You've strayed from point."

"And if I didn't know it's nine o'clock in the morning, and you married three years and all, I'd say you were making love to each other. The point," he reminded them, "is that Lizzie."

"Father," said Maggie softly, "you're fond of chains."

"I'm a free-born——"

SHE touched his watch-chain. "The mayor's," she said. "And there are chains and chains. I think, maybe, if you'll go out now for your walk and go by the Crescent and happen look in at our Alice's and tell her I'm calling this afternoon for some advice, I think it'll come to you what sort of chain Will and me's talking about."

"Happen," he said. "But——" Lizzie, he meant. Bull-dogs don't loosen grip.

"You know," she went on hurriedly, "you like that walk."

"I do, because I'm a man of taste and the view over the Irwell from Salford Crescent looking towards Kersal is the finest view in England. But I'm none put off the point, lass. I'll meditate on chains, if thou'll get shut of Lizzie while I'm out."

"We'll not do that," said Will. It had not had a long life, the Hobson-Mossop purity alliance.

"No," said Maggie. "And it's nobbut a fancy of mine, but I'll have my fancy. Lizzie's the safety-catch in father's chain."

Joanna Godden Lives Again

In Joanna Godden, the woman who really understands the land, and who may be said to be part of the soul of the land, Sheila Kaye-Smith created one of her most striking characters.

Next week she contributes a delightfully human story which throws fresh sidelights upon her heroine's changing moods. Here she lets readers into a secret of—

Sheila Kaye-Smith

JOANNA'S BIRTH

by Sheila Kaye-Smith

THE character of Joanna Godden was created not by me, but by the late W. L. George. We were walking together through a farmyard in the Isle of Wight, when we noticed some peculiarly shaped, yellow wagons standing in a barn with a woman's name emblazoned on them.

He immediately said to me, "Why don't you write a story about a woman farmer?"

Then and there he began to sketch the character of Joanna Godden, whom he first called Hannah, but had to give up the name when he realised I had just used it in my latest novel to date, "Green Apple Harvest."

He became so enthusiastic that my own imagination was fired, and we had soon between us assembled the dry bones of the story. I wrote it, however, quite independently, and I'm sorry to say he did not like the result. Nor, in a way, did I.

Joanna is the type of woman that in real life I flee from—the large-size dragon type. Perhaps she would have been less domineering if she had met the right man at the right time. I am giving a hint of that in my new story about her.

"The Greatest of These—" Hero's Bitter Fight

HERE is how an ex-Service man who joined up in 1914; was wounded in the retreat from Mons; has the 1914 Mons Star, the Peace Medal, the 1914-1918 Medal—but no pension since 1921, though he is suffering from ostea-arthritis of the right hip—views the advent of his seventh child:

"I get parish relief and 7s. 6d. National Health Insurance. We pay 11s. 6d. per week rent. There is not much left afterwards for food, clothes and fire for eight of us.

"I would not ask for help until bound to. I am so much ashamed, but the sight of the little ones without in this bad weather and my wife ill with asthma and a bad chest makes me ask."

Here are a few more of his misfortunes:

"We are in rent arrears. The children want boots, clothes and bedclothes. I have been unable to buy hardly anything because last year, besides my own illness, three of our children had scarlet fever and went to hospital. The eldest girl I was taking every week to a specialist for tuberculosis in neck for over two years. The eldest boy had diphtheria."

One of his boys is suffering from influenza and rickets, and is so thin and weak he can hardly stand.

And this is his padre's testimonial:

"He joined up when the Great War broke out, and was the first one to return wounded to our village. His case is really deserving—an honest, sober, industrious man who has failed owing to his health being shattered."

Seven is a lucky number, and it is in our generous readers' power to make the birth of this Mons hero's seventh child a lucky event by addressing plentiful and bountiful subscriptions to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Where names and addresses are given, all donations, whether earmarked for the seventh baby or sent to the fund generally, will be acknowledged by post.

We gratefully acknowledge £5 from A. T. H., Norbury.

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"I was a martyr for years to backache, sciatica and rheumatism," says Mrs. E. Brett, 8, Brookbank Road, London, S.E.13.

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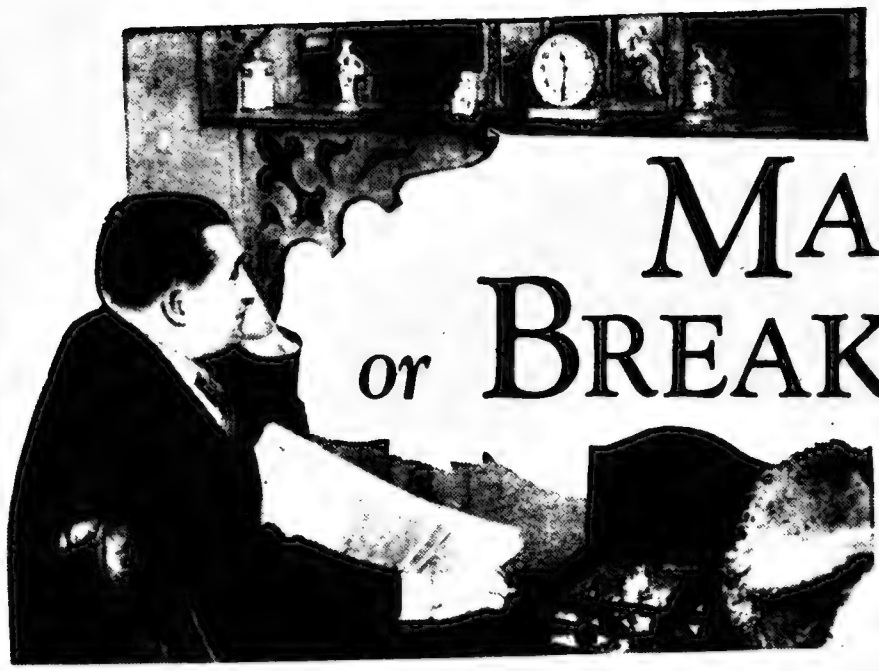
In such cases Wincarnis has a double value. Firstly, it stimulates the appetite so that more nourishment is derived from the food and so that the diet itself can be made more interesting. Secondly, Wincarnis itself is of immense value in building up and restoring energy and vigour. Its delicious flavour and bouquet have an irresistible appeal, and to the valuable properties of the fine wine are added the vitamins and strength-giving properties of beef and malt extracts.

Wincarnis is really remarkable for the rapidity with which it brings a new lease of life for the aged and infirm. We have actually received more than 20,000 recommendations from medical men who have tried and proved its worth.



SHE MAKES... or BREAKS HIM

"Why won't she come home?" The tragedy of the home-loving husband and his gadabout wife

A YOUNG couple recently became engaged. Everybody said the same thing about them. "She will be the *making* of him." Is that possible? I am sure it is.

The converse is equally true. A woman has been the *breaking* of many a man. Here is a case in point.

A man writes to me from Sunderland to say that he has lost his job after having held it for nearly twenty years. He goes on:

* * *

"I know that I am partly to blame, but my wife is the real cause of my disgrace.

"I must take you back to the first years of our married life. For a time we were quite happy until after an operation she started to take drugs. Soon she became a dope maniac, and as a result she lost all interest in our home. As there was no pleasure or comfort there I sought it outside and found consolation in drink.

"Now, when I have discovered my folly, it is too late. My wife and I have separated. I have no home, no work, and no money, and as I am turned fifty there seems only one way out of it for me."

* * *

I have selected this tragic story for a definite reason. Every week I receive dozens of letters from readers who are on the verge of domestic shipwreck.

In some cases the man is to blame. He has found other interests which have made him neglectful of his wife and home; or the woman has shirked her household responsibilities in the quest for comfort or pleasure and has become a gadabout.

Let me deal with the latter problem first—that in which on the surface the woman seems to be to blame. I will return to the former in a subsequent article.

Here are two letters I have just received. The first comes from a chef, who tells me that he is at present unemployed, though he has just completed a five weeks' temporary post. His letter proceeds:

* * *

"My average yearly earnings have varied between £180 and £220. I have one child—a bonny boy, aged two years and four months.

"A few months ago his mother left us both, saying that she refused to struggle any longer on my meagre earnings. I arranged for my boy to be looked after by very kind people to whom I pay 15s. a week.

"Now I have discovered that my wife has, under her maiden name, taken a post as companion to a wealthy lady. She has not worried either about myself or the child, and says she intends to live her own life in her own way. It seems terribly unfair, as I married her for love and did my best to make her a good husband. Do you think it would do any good if I wrote to her employer?"

And a second letter deals with another side of the same problem:

"I am anxious to know what I can do about my wife, my little boy of ten, and myself. This is my difficulty. When I finish work at six o'clock my wife is never at home to greet me. She returns about eight or nine, and when I enquire where she has been, she tells me the pictures, or a whist-drive, or on some other pleasure-loving pursuit.

"I am in steady employment, and though my wages are not large, she has never been kept short since the day we were married. But I am reaching the end of my tether. To come home every night, wet or fine, and find my wife out is nearly driving me mad.

"I am not one to put on my hat and coat and go out again to find other interests. All I want is my wife and child, and I wonder if you could tell me the best way to go to work to bring her to her senses."

* * *

Now I want to be perfectly fair. In these letters I have only heard the man's side of the story. The wives may have good reason for acting in the way they have.

But it will not be denied that there are many women who ought never to take on the responsibilities of married life.

Take the letter from the chef. His wife has deliberately deserted both him and their child. He suggests writing to her employer.

What good would that do? It would only make her more bitter, especially if she lost her job in consequence. It might be a good plan for either my correspondent or a friend to see her and appeal to her better nature. Their bonny little boy might prove to be the key to their reconciliation.

If, however, she has made up her mind "to live her own life in her own way" and is able to maintain herself, the best thing is to leave her to it for a while. She may discover that her employment is a poor substitute for a home of her own, a husband, and a child.

* * *

The last letter I have quoted comes under an entirely different category. The wife has remained loyal to her home though apparently indifferent to her husband and her son. He complains that she is never there to greet him when he returns from his work.

I think she ought to be, especially as she appears to be quite ready to take her husband's wages at the week-end. Surely she owes a duty to him, and this is one of the ways in which it ought to be shown.

Yet, is not the husband just a little to blame? He may be quite content to remain at home when his work is done. But, after all, he has been away from it most of the day.

On his journey to and from his employment he has looked upon fresh scenes, and during the day he has enjoyed the companionship of his workmates. His wife is confined to her house and has to pursue the same monotonous daily round.

* * *

Every husband ought to remember that to many a woman her home is not simply her castle, but her prison. It is no crime for her to escape from it in order to find some measure of relaxation. But her hours of freedom should be so arranged that they do not interfere with her wifely duties.

The trouble between my correspondent and his wife is one of widely different tastes. He is content to be a stick-at-home—she wants to be a gadabout.

The solution lies in the half-way house between these contrasts. The happiest relationship between a man and his wife is to be found in three words—give and take.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

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SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips."

HUDDERSFIELD DAILY EXAMINER:—"Gentleman requires comfortable board-lodgings. RESPECTFUL locality."

SOUTH WALES ECHO AND EVENING EXPRESS:—"It is expected that Mr. MacDonald will be GOOD enough to leave the nursing home next week."

LARIAT STORY MAGAZINE:—"Cal STOOD on his knees."

DUBLIN EVENING MAIL:—"National teacher coaches BACKYARD pupils attending school."

SUNBEAM:—"A very tired but happy little girl climbed up the three flights of STARS."

YR ADSAIN: "Jones saw the doctor EAT the request of his employer."

RED LETTER:—"Pointed with his right EAR to a speck far away in the distance."

EXPRESS AND ECHO:—"The council would be willing to erect RAILWAYS to prevent children walking on the grass."

LIVERPOOL POST AND MERCURY:—"Canned GODS prices have fallen much more than 10 per cent."

EVENING EXPRESS:—"More than 250 girls, the majority of whom are DEAD and dumb, are employed."

HUDDERSFIELD DAILY EXAMINER:—"The Speaker, who is automatically EJECTED, makes up the full membership."

ALDERSHOT NEWS AND FARNBOROUGH CHRONICLE:—"Matrimonial MATERS were regarded as being within the province of the divine rather than that of the lawyer."

GIRLS' CINEMA:—"Her EYES tightened about his neck."

HIGH PEAK NEWS:—"A very pleasant feature in the evening's proceedings was the presentation of a birthday CAGE."

TEIGNMOUTH POST:—"Mrs. —— made one of her all TOO FREQUENT appearances."

NORTHERN DAILY MAIL:—"After their return in the evening they DIED with old friends."

NATIONAL NEWSAGENT:—"Keen buyers will also be interested in the wide range of pencils at strictly PROHIBITIVE prices."

Can you tell when your dog is *losing condition?*

BY conditioning your dog with Bob Martin's Condition Powders as soon as you see a sign of impure blood, such as *Listlessness, Scratching, or Loss of Appetite*, you can save him much suffering. But these are not the first signs of poor condition. You can, if you will, learn to recognise loss of condition much earlier, and so give *your* dog the glorious fitness which charms and fascinates you when you watch the Champions of the Show Ring and Field Trials at work.

To the thoughtful owner, a dog's coat is the surest guide to his condition. The quality of the coat depends entirely on the purity of his blood, and the first warning of blood impurities is the absence of "bloom" from the coat. Bloom is quite different from gloss, which is got by vigorous rubbing, though a good gloss cannot be given to a coat unless it first of all has bloom.

Your dog cannot help his blood continually receiving impurities (usually from loss of regular exercise, or injudicious feeding), and as his non-porous skin does not permit him to rid his blood of these impurities by the easy process of sweating, he cannot enjoy the happiness of real condition unless you provide him with a blood corrective.

Watch the *difference* CONDITION makes to your dog.

Give your dog Bob Martin's Condition Powders *today*, and in a week or so you will *see* what pure blood means to him. His eye will be brighter, his appetite sharper, his manner more gay, his body more alert. And on his coat you will see the biggest difference of all, for it will begin to take on the lovely bloom of health—proof of a coat well nourished by rich, pure blood.

For forty years, the world's greatest Breeders and Fanciers have conditioned their dogs with Bob Martin's tasteless Condition Powders. These powders, which are quite tasteless and easily given, remove every impurity from the blood and tone up the whole system, curing *and preventing* all the common ailments of dogs, due to poor blood condition, such as *Loss of Appetite, Excessive Scratching, Listlessness, Loose Coat, Eczema and Swellings between the Toes.*

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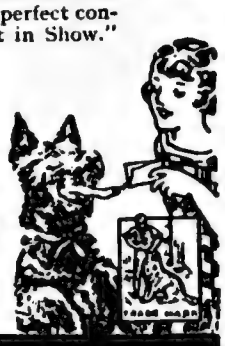

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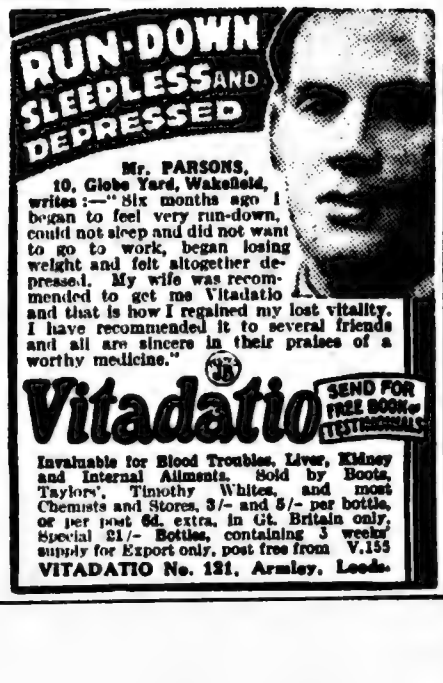
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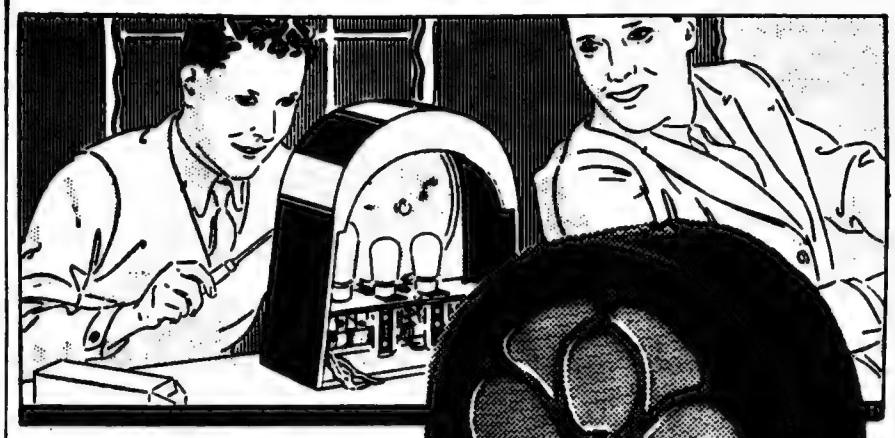

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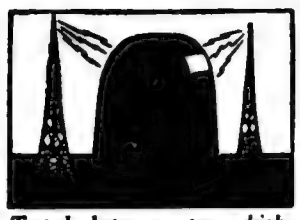

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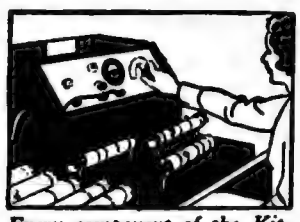

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You have to love it or leave it

Why HOSPITAL NURSES *Break Down*

by One of them

THIS frank confession by a nurse that only love for her job induces her to endure its hardships is a powerful plea for the better pay, shorter hours, longer holidays and greater personal liberty for nurses, recommended by a recent Medical Commission

I HAD a quiet hour in the children's ward last night. Even Teddy, who, they told me, had been in such agony all day, was getting some peace for that poor little tortured body of his.

In the midst of all this helpless frailty it is difficult—it seems almost irreverent—to think of one's own petty troubles and to try to discover why it is that one goes on being a nurse when it means giving up so much and enduring—well, quite a lot.

Yet, to-night, the chill of the ward seems to make me unusually body-conscious and critical.

For really, we are treated rather shabbily. Perhaps the care and consideration expended on the patients exhausts the supply—there doesn't seem to be any left for us. I suppose that is rather a despicable thing to say. . . .

* * *

This is the end of my first year in hospital, and the thought of those other two years that I must serve sometimes appals me—I want so much to see it through, for I'm beginning to love my work. But there are times when I despair of ever being able to reconcile myself to the heartaches and disappointments, the inhumanity of it all.

This may sound like self-pity. I don't think it is.

Bedside vigil

Last week I was on ambulance duty in the night—"runners," they call us, and in between ambulance calls we are at anybody's disposal—we are detailed off by the night sister to help at the busiest wards.

One night I had to "watch" a six-months-old child with just the dullest spark of life. I stood beside the bed—to sit is considered unprofessional—and eased it gently and gave it a greatly diluted stimulant when it was desirable to do so.

At the end of the fifth hour the mite died. I reported and was whisked off to lend a hand in an "immediate op." case in a women's ward.

We work from 8 p.m. till 8 a.m. on night duty, with one half-hour break for supper, which is usually interrupted.

Dinner is served immediately after we finish our duty at eight. It is always the most unpalatable meal of all. Jean, my room-mate, and I make a pretence of eating the greasy chunks of ill-cooked meat, and as soon as possible we slip out and buy rolls and fruit—unless there happens to be a cake from home. I have spilt tears on a cake from home. . . .

We have to buy carefully, too, for we are earning only £2 7s. 6d. a month.

Frequently a patient will offer me some little delicacy and I've longed to accept it. But that isn't wise, and I refuse.

Worn out . . .

Two or three times a week there is a lecture after dinner. The Sister Tutor must know that some of the girls are sleeping from sheer exhaustion and weariness with their heads propped up by an arm. But her voice drones on. My own notebook has passages of scribbled pencil strokes which are absolutely meaningless and which I confront hopelessly when the time comes to rewrite them.

At 9.30 we are free until midday, when we must be in our beds, and, of course, there is swotting to do. I try hard to study; I creep into bed with my physiology book—and find it open, unread, on the quilt or on the floor when I'm called at 6.30 p.m.

At this time there are examinations—two a week, sometimes—which snatch part of our spare time.

We are always nurses; there is never any time left to be human beings—that is the hardest part. Constantly my off-duty time has been changed at the last minute. There was a boy I rather liked who invited me to a dance outside. I was thrilled—I bought a wonderful dress, too.

But the night before the dance off-days were altered and I couldn't go. My own birthday party at home had to be held without me for the same reason.

Mother tries to persuade me to leave the hospital. I'm unhappy, she says. She doesn't quite understand. I am not unhappy; at least, I could not bear to give it up now.

Yet most of them seem to leave in their first year. More than half the girls who attended training school with me have gone. Some have found it utterly impossible to bear the physical strain; the responsibility is too great for others. But mostly I think it is the almost complete lack of sympathy which brings them to the breaking-point.

When nerves snap

A month ago a girl broke down, screaming, in our ward. She was in bed for a fortnight before they allowed her to go home.

I have seen several first-year girls hurry to their rooms in a terribly strained kind of way, and I could tell why without waiting to see their reddened eyes. For I have hurried to my room like that.

They never talk about it, except, I suppose, to their particular pals, as Jean and I do together.

I shall be glad when my spell of night-duty is finished. Day work is more strenuous, but it also has many compensations.

For it is the patients themselves who make a nurse's life worth living. You cannot realise the fortitude—and the graciousness—of the very poor until you have seen them pain-racked in hospital.

There are the inveterately cheerful ones whose sturdy, undaunted spirits make one ashamed sometimes. And the pitiably grateful ones. And the shy ones who blush and close their eyes when you take off their shirts. And there are the children who cry when they have to go home.

Of course, a few are grumblers—but as it seems to help them bear their pain we don't mind very much. One man, "old Grouch" we called him secretly, was often very trying. On the next bed was a blind man, "Blind Tim," who would rate "Grouch" fiercely when he annoyed nurse.

One night "Grouch" gasped and died and in the morning we tended him for the last time. "Blind Tim" was waiting to be washed. He didn't know that "Grouch" could grumble no more. After a while he called out peevishly: "Don't waste time on that damned old ruffian. He doesn't appreciate what you do for him!"

Poor "Blind Tim." He was going to compose a song about me when he got out, he said. It was running all the time through his mind. He hummed it to me once. But the song was never written. He never went out.

* * *

Often nurse is the only person in the world whom some of them have to love. An old fragile little woman asked me if she might call me Mary, and—"it would make me so very happy if you could call me mother." She held my hand tightly and smiled divinely when I whispered it.

There was a shaggy-bearded man whose name we didn't know. He died, and when I cleared his locker I found a sheet of notepaper on which he had written that he desired all his possessions to be given to me. In the locker also were a purse containing a shilling and a halfpenny, a knife and a large, ornate enamelled brooch.

"I'm going on—"

Despite the drudgery and the disappointments, the wretched food and the irritability of overworked superiors—despite everything, I am going on with my job.

Our work gives us a profound humility; sometimes a wonderful pride. I am beginning to realise, I think, that nursing is *life* to a nurse.

And there are achievements in that life which make other outside considerations remote, pathetically petty and ignoble. . . .

When you have fought for a fellow-creature's life—and succeeded completely, miraculously—what else matters?

Did you see this Advt?

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GOODBYE to Safety Razors with prongs

The pronged safety razor has had its day. A new era of shaving comfort has dawned.

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You will get the shave of a lifetime every day with the DAYMARK RAZOR. The price is so low that every man can afford to enjoy its luxurious shaving action.

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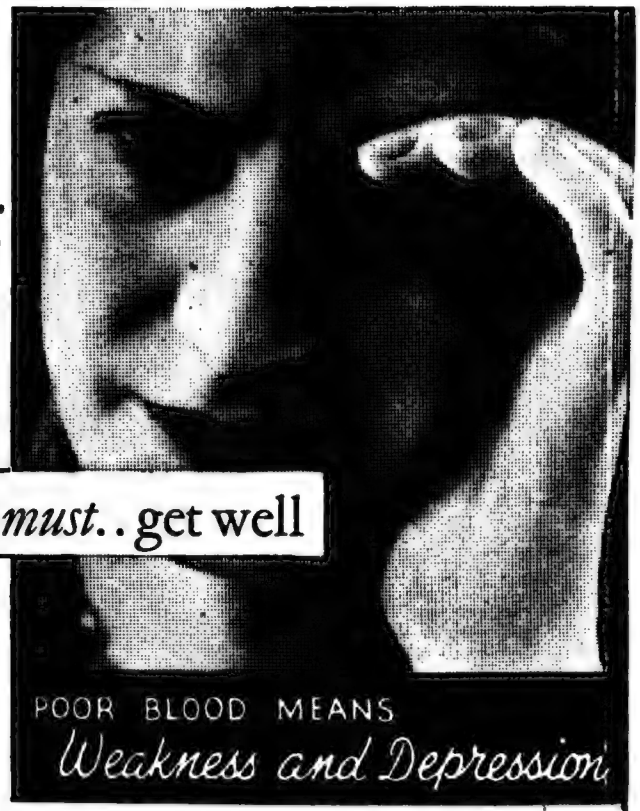

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Life Pension Won Outright in Crossword No. 155.

The only correct solution in this contest was received from:—

H. G. Mullender, 255, Saltwell Road, Gateshead, Co. Durham,

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive a Life Pension of £1 a week or £1,250 cash.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, March 29th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £50 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between the following 21 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £2 7s. 8d.

Bailey, J., High St., Flamborough, Bridlington; Billington, Mrs., Wistaston Rd., Willaston, Nantwich; Burnell, Mrs. E., North Newton, Nr. Bridgwater; Carver, S. G., 173, Waterloo Rd., Norwich; Crampton, G., 41, Coniston Rd., Blackburn; Foskett, H. W., 13, Primrose Gardens, Bushey, Herts; Fowkes, G., 222, Lodge Rd., Birmingham; Harrison, Mrs. R., 109, Morley Rd., Winnfrith, Dorset; Heaversedge, G., 24, Somers St., Leeds; Hunt, T. W., Mordref Hotel, Talgarreuth; Hurford, M., 22, Corporation Ave., Llanelly, Carms.; Jones, Mrs. J., 84, Ringwood Rd., Eastney, Southsea; Lee, A. J., 73, Croyland Rd., Lr. Edmonton, N.9; May, A. E., Cromford, Matlock, Derbys.; Murison, D., The Hydro, Llandudno; Patterson, Miss H., 93, Pasture Rd., Goole; Pearson, J. R., Hillgate St. Works, Ashton-u-Lyne; Rush, W., Bedlam Lanes, Gates Cottage, Foleshill, Coventry; Stroud, Miss G., Betlers Cross, Nr. Princes Risboro; Urwin, Mrs. K., 106, Broadway, Peterborough; Wilkinson, E., Craigmore, Longnight Rd., Nr. Blackburn.

Another Splendid £-Word with a Life Pension of £1 a Week and £50 to be divided between the Runners-up appears on page 46. Try your skill now.

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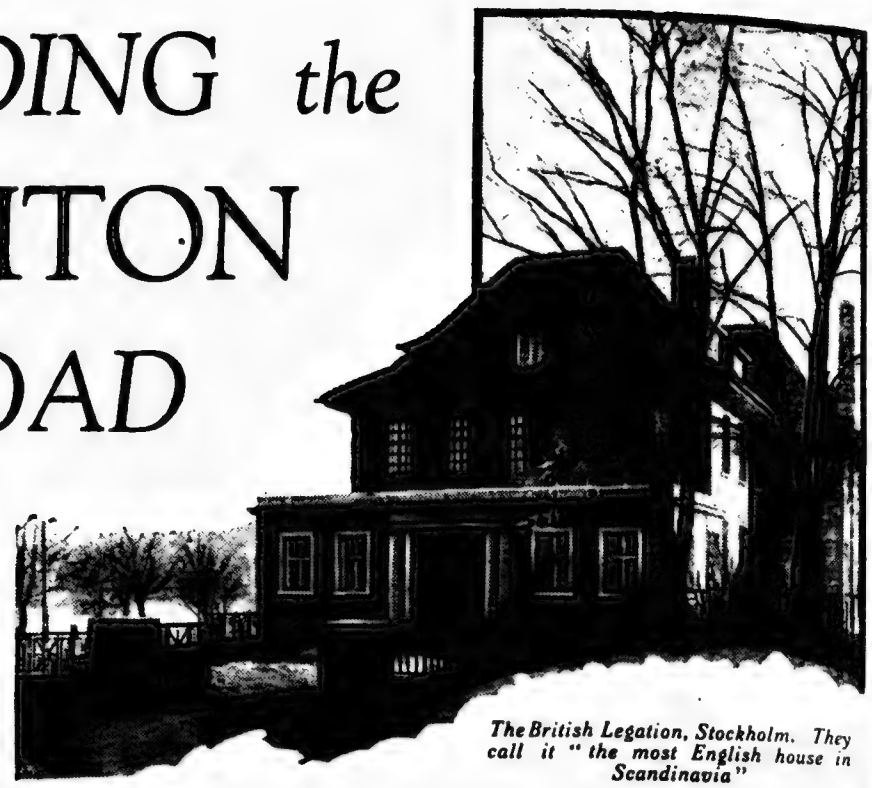

The British Legation, Stockholm. They call it "the most English house in Scandinavia"

By An EX-CONSUL

"MR. SO-AND-SO then appealed to the British Consul . . ."

I wonder how often readers of JOHN BULL have seen this phrase in those moving human documents which, describing the harrowing experiences of some Britisher in a foreign country, appear only too often in its pages.

And, unfortunately, only too often Mr. So-and-So gets no satisfaction from the Consul.

Not that it is always the Consul's fault—he is only too liable to be sat upon, officially, for what the home authorities may please to consider excess of zeal. This, in fact, happened to me on more than one occasion.

A certain episode in Morocco, when a British subject and ex-officer was kidnapped by a local Moorish Kaid, and its unpleasant consequences to me, are vivid in my memory.

It was one of those occasions on which time is the essence of the contract. And when the kidnapped man's brother, a personal friend of mine, invited me to join him in a raid on the Kaid's stronghold, it was obvious that, if anything was to be done to save his brother from a tragic end, this was the only course to pursue.

There was no time to refer to the Foreign Office, and it was far from certain that the result of that reference would be what was required.

So, at dead of night, we set out, with a revolver apiece, on a six-hour drive over villainous country tracks, effected a forcible entrance into the brigand's lair, and our friend was promptly released. It subsequently took over a month to effect the release of an unfortunate Moor who was kidnapped with him.

I shall never forget the official "wigging" I got, nor the lurid accounts in the French Press of how my friend and I had violated the Kaid's harem at the point of the revolver.

Fear or apathy?

However, against one case like this there are probably a dozen where the Consul ought to and could safely interfere—but does not.

This action, or lack of it, may be dictated by fear of a reprimand from home, or by an exaggeratedly credulous faith in the version of the particular affair put forward by the local authorities. But the consequences are often grave, and the conditions in every case worthy at least of careful examination.

It was, and probably is, a stock complaint of British residents abroad that they receive less consideration from their Consular representatives than the subjects of any other Power.

Quite small nations kick up an astonishing rumpus if any of their nationals are subjected to inconvenience or indignities, and it is astounding how often such a protest achieves the desired object.

So why should Britain go so warily where others do not fear to rush in?

One very fruitful cause of such incidents has been—though there is reason to believe that matters in this respect have mended somewhat of late—the questionable wisdom of the Foreign Office in appointing so many non-Britishers to Consular posts.

Maltese, Greeks, Italians and other nationalities have too often rejoiced in the high-sounding appellation of "British Consul." Such individuals are at a double disadvantage in that they are not taken seriously by the local authorities and because their allegiance is necessarily divided.

Under the bed . . .

Two famous British war correspondents, the late Messrs. M. H. Donohoe and Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, had occasion, during the first Balkan War, to take sanctuary in the British Consulate at Rodosto, on the Sea of Marmora.

They found the "British Consul"—a Levantine — taking refuge under the bed, and he was not slow in warning them off the premises, to which, in his opinion, they were attracting an undesirable amount of attention.

A British Consul in Egypt, himself a British subject, consigned two well-known aristocrats to the local Egyptian jail, where they were forced to clean the side-arms of their native warders, for quite a venial offence.

Another British Consul in the same country nearly caused serious riots among the unfortunate Distressed British Seamen at his port. A D.B.S. is always supposed to be repatriated to England at the first opportunity, and every Consul is provided with funds for this purpose.

A man may become a D.B.S., and generally does, through no fault of his own. It has, for instance, for long been a practice with certain lines to change the greater portion of their white crew for Lascars, Somalis and the like, when going East through the Suez Canal.

During the war, when the riots I refer to nearly took place, the normal numbers of seamen awaiting repatriation were naturally greatly swollen by survivors from sunken vessels.

Making Jack pay

These men were hung up for weeks, even months, at the port on the flimsiest of pretexts. Yet a Consul can force the Master of any British merchant vessel to take as many D.B.S.s as can be accommodated; in fact, on occasion they may also be sent by men-of-war.

I do not, of course, accuse this Consular officer of any ulterior motive whatever. But it was unfortunate that just about this time a Maltese official in the Consulate had to be discharged owing to the discovery that he was receiving a handsome commission from the local seamen's boarding-house keeper, so that it was obviously in his interest to keep as many seamen as long as possible in the port.

As regards trade and commerce, matters are on an even worse footing, though here again the home authorities and, to a certain extent, the British trader himself must share the blame.

Some progress has been made since the founding of the Department of Overseas Trade and through the gradual awakening of the business man to the fact that he must go out and scout for trade and not expect it to fall into his lap.

But the position is still far from satisfactory, and the trade organisation of our Consular Service is a joke compared to the thorough and business-like methods of other countries—Germany and the U.S.A. in particular.

Every Consul ought to be forced to acquire at least a grounding in business methods before he is allowed to take up a post.

The Commercial Diplomatic Service ought to be largely increased and to have one or more representatives in every country in which there is at least a chance of Britain doing business.

Stagnating

The Consul himself should come much more under the direction of the Department of Overseas Trade and less under that of the Foreign Office than is the case at present, especially now that Consuls are not so often required to act as semi-diplomats.

The diplomatic work should be dealt with by the Embassy or Legation, leaving the Consul free to get on with his real business, which is *business*.

One of the weak points of our Service is that the diplomat and Consul are severely segregated; the cases of a Consular officer being transferred to the Diplomatic Service could almost be numbered on the fingers of one hand.

This is all wrong, and is a system which is followed by few nations save ourselves. Most nations favour periodical transfers from one service to the other, by which both branches are kept alive and increased all-round efficiency is obtained.

Another urgent need is a regular system of inspection, but not, of course, at regular intervals; the element of surprise is very necessary.

Such things as Consular Inspectors do exist, but I am certain that the immense majority of Consuls regard them as a pleasing myth.

The Consul's pay is often inadequate, and the prospects, particularly in certain parts of the world, insufficient. With these improved, a more exacting system of selection in which business experience should play a leading part, and an adequate measure of inspection, our Service could be made the equal, if not the superior, of any other.

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King John at the Wash

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History records that for a reason not apparent, John with his army decided to cross the Wash at a place called "Cross Keys." They had nearly reached the opposite shore when they were overwhelmed by the rising tide. John succeeded in crossing, but his army was greatly depleted by heavy losses in men, horses, stores and treasures.

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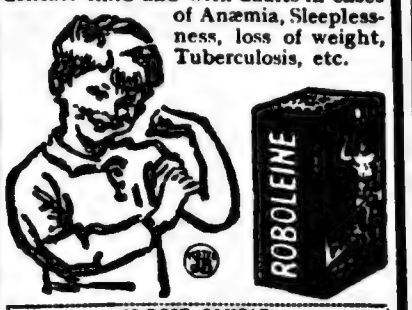

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Council Houses FIASCO

MILLIONS have now been sunk in housing schemes by local authorities all over the country, and there is no doubt that some of them are a fiasco.

With all-round wage cuts and a reduced standard of living, thousands and thousands of people for whom these council houses were intended cannot pay the rents demanded for them.

The homes are there, but they are too dear to live in: and many impoverished families are finding the present rents an impossible burden.

So much so that the L.C.C. Housing Committee is recommending that the Council should lower the rents of two of its biggest estates—Downham and Watling.

* * *

And the same thing is happening in many other parts of the country.

The truth is that many local authorities, given wide powers under the Housing Acts to demolish and open out unhealthy areas, were too lavish in their expenditure on clearance and reconstruction schemes.

For many years now they have been providing council houses—pleasant, healthy dwellings built on modern, sanitary and hygienic lines, to take the place of the atrocities which were once called homes.

But the remedy, such as it is, has only been achieved at enormous expense, which of necessity has had to be passed on in the form of greatly increased rents.

These are out of all proportion to what the tenants or would-be tenants can afford to pay to-day, now that unemployment has vastly increased and lower wages are general.

The plight of many council house occupiers is tragic.

They are finding that in order to pay their rents they are forced to go without many of the necessities of life both for themselves and their children.

And this, in turn, has impoverished the small shopkeeper, who finds his profits diminishing on account of the reduced purchasing powers of his customers.

The Larder is Barren—for the Rent must be Paid

Starvation's border

The old rents varied from about 3s. to 5s. 6d. a week; the new are from 7s. 6d. to 16s. 6d.—an average difference of about 7s. 6d. a week.

This is a heavy burden on the man with a wife and family who is earning, or perhaps unavoidably drawing the "dole" (if he is lucky!), 35s. a week. It represents to him the difference between making life a living hell and a working possibility.

What is the solution? To lower the rents would certainly have a beneficial effect, but local authorities, like other property owners, cannot erect houses and let them at a continual loss, though in their case there is no reason why the property should produce a profit.

At present rentals of council houses already built are, in the majority of cases, just sufficient to show a fair return on the capital expended and a surplus for running expenses, depreciation and repairs.

Such rents cannot be reduced to any great extent, if at all; and there is little hope of relief for occupiers of the existing houses.

But houses yet to be built must be cheaper. To ensure this, costs of construction and prices paid for sites of the thousands of new council houses to be erected in the next few years must be considerably lower than they have been.

It is certain that great savings could have been made in the past if less expensive though equally suitable sites had been utilised whenever possible.

One does not have to search far without being able to find a batch of council houses built on land which was originally ripe for the development of residences worth £75 a year or more.

It is obvious that land of this description is of better quality than is really required for a council house, and to purchase it a waste of money, especially when, as is so often the case, cheaper and suitable land is available.

There is no doubt, either, that in the case of many schemes already completed the size of the gardens could have been substantially reduced without in any way causing overcrowding to the building estate as a whole.

Vital pennies

To provide for tenants who wish to grow their own garden produce, local authorities have full powers to acquire land compulsorily for allotments.

If these two points, (1) the price to be paid for the land per acre, and (2) the amount of land required per house, were considered more carefully at the commencement of a scheme, a reduction in the rents could easily be made of anything from 6d. to 1s. 6d. a week.

This may seem a trivial cut, but it is a very considerable one to the housewife who has to count her pennies.

She would undoubtedly prefer a smaller house to high rents, and this fact is recognised by the Ministry of Health.

Small houses of the non-parlour type are what are chiefly required, and their erection has, in fact, been urged for some time by the Ministry.

Moreover, it has been found in many cases that the provision of the parlour type house has, besides being more costly, led to the undesirable habit of sub-letting, which naturally results in overcrowding.

Go to it!

It is difficult to estimate what saving could be effected by reducing the size of each dwelling; but there certainly seems no reason why, with a little care and forethought, it should not be possible to produce a comfortable house at a rental of 5s. a week.

It is on the erection of such houses that local authorities must concentrate.

For, so far, although the council house has done much to mitigate the housing shortage, it has failed to provide a sufficiently cheap dwelling place for the class of people for whom it was originally intended.

He Just Loves Getting Stung!

"I AM never so happy as when I get a bee sting." That is a somewhat surprising statement; but, then, the man who uttered it is rather remarkable. . . .

He is eighty-four-year-old Mr. H. Rhys, of Redbrook, Monmouth, winner of a half-share of the £1,250 awarded in our Crossword Competition No. 154.

And this is what he told the JOHN BULL man who came to congratulate him:

* * *

"For forty years the bees have been my best—and most profitable—friends. I am convinced that the vitality I possess which enables me to work and to do crosswords *is due entirely to bee stings*, of which I often help myself. They are the best assistants.

"Well——" began the JOHN BULL man dubiously.

"This will show you," urged Mr. Rhys. "After a severe attack of rheumatism, I went to a hive and took up a handful of bees and allowed them to sting my ankle.

"The pain was relieved instantly, and I have never suffered from rheumatism since. . . .

"I find your competitions very helpful indeed from an educational point of view, and interesting, too, as an amusement. I'm taking my success quite calmly—I've an idea that I shall win another big prize one of these days.

Honey and money from his hive

"The money? Well, I think I'll buy a baby car. . . . Come and see the bees!"

* * *

"I'm a real crossword enthusiast," said the other winner, Mrs. N. O'Neill, of Cloonlara House, Swinford, Co. Mayo.

"You can be sure that this news of success is a most heartening tonic. The £625 is going to be a wonderful help to my husband and I to provide a good education for our three children."

* * *

This week there's a big Crossword Life Pension which you can win. Go to page 40 and try your skill.

HALIFAX

The World's Largest

BUILDING SOCIETY

LARGE INCREASE OF BUSINESS
TOTAL ASSETS EXCEED £77,900,000

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS

to be presented to the Shareholders at the Annual General Meeting of the Society, to be held at Halifax, on Monday, the 21st day of March, 1932.

The Directors have great pleasure in submitting to the Members the Annual Statement of Accounts shewing the operations of the Society during the financial year ended the 31st January, 1932.

It is very gratifying to the Directors to be able to report that, in a year of continued depression in trade and industry, and widespread unemployment, and through a period of the greatest anxiety in the National financial situation, there have been very substantial increases in all departments of the Society.

The following statement of the business at the end of last year, compared with the figures on the 1st February, 1928, being the date of the union of the Halifax Permanent and the Halifax Equitable Building Societies, indicates the enormous expansion and development of the business of the United Society during the last four years, viz. :—

	Number of Open Accounts.	Invested Funds.	Assets.	Reserve Funds.
Feb. 1st, 1932 - -	476,604	£75,137,211	£77,950,353	£2,813,142
Feb. 1st, 1928 - -	328,224	£45,520,281	£46,931,482	£1,461,200
Increase in 4 years	147,380	£29,616,930	£30,968,871	£1,351,942

ASSETS. The Total Assets at the end of the year amounted to £77,950,353, an increase of £7,902,954.

RESERVE FUND. The Reserve Fund, after providing for all interest and bonus allotted up to the date of the account stands at £2,813,142.

INCOME. The Income for the Year, exclusive of investments realised, was £33,459,870.

MORTGAGES. During the year there was a very heavy demand for loans upon mortgage of property, and the total amount advanced was £17,060,830. This sum is £176,758 more than the record sum advanced in the preceding year, and the average amount of advances completed each month has again exceeded £1,400,000.

The number of new Borrowers was 30,383 compared with 29,543 in the previous year, and the average amount advanced on each Mortgage was £561. The total amount now owing upon Mortgages is £59,775,663, an increase during the year of £6,872,879, and the total number of Borrowers is 152,035, an increase of 16,630.

Of this total 77 per cent. are in respect of Mortgages where the debt does not exceed £500, and the average amount owing on all the Society's Mortgages is only £393 each. The Mortgage accounts are again in an entirely satisfactory condition, and there are no properties of Borrowers in the possession of the Society to be reported in the statutory Schedule.

SHARE AND DEPOSIT FUNDS. The amount standing to the credit of Investing Shareholders and Depositors is £75,137,211, an increase of £7,382,400.

PROFITS. The net profit of the year after payment of all expenses and Income Tax, and after providing for all interest due to Depositors and Shareholders up to the date of the Account, is £428,641.

The Directors recommend that there shall be distributed, in addition to the interest of £3 10s. 0d. per cent., a bonus of £1 10s. 0d. per cent. upon the sum standing to the credit of Paid-up Shareholders, Class 1; and, in addition to the interest of £3 10s. 0d. per cent. a bonus of £2 10s. 0d. per cent. to the Subscription Investing Shareholders upon the total amount paid by them up to the end of the preceding year.

ACCOUNTS. The new accounts opened during the year numbered 91,014, and the total number of Shareholders' and Depositors' accounts open at the end of the year was 476,604, an increase of 37,976.

The Directors desire to congratulate the members upon the exceedingly satisfactory results of the business of the past year, and upon the very strong financial position of the Society, as revealed by the Statement of Accounts. In every respect the Society has maintained and strengthened its pre-eminent position as by far the largest Building Society in the World, a distinction it has now held for over 20 years.

ENOCH HILL,
President and Managing Director.

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J.B. 19.3.32. P.P. 246

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(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP,
30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

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J. B. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

IF RHEUMATIC DISSOLVE THIS IN YOUR MORNING TEA

Then watch the pains, aches, swellings, stiffness, and other misery disappear. They simply HAVE to go, says ALICE LANDLES, certified nurse.

Rheumatism can be caused in but one way. That is by acids and impurities in the blood. Chemical analysis and microscopic examination of the blood prove this beyond the possibility of doubt or argument, as any standard medical work will explain in detail. Of course, various conditions, such as exposure to cold and dampness, or committing certain errors of diet, can make rheumatism worse, but the primary cause always remains the same. Therefore, trying to get rid of rheumatism without ridding your blood and system of the acidulous impurities which directly cause this physical calamity, is exactly like trying to get rid of smoke without putting out the fire. Pain-causing and kidney-irritating uric acid is no different from any other acid, in that *it must be neutralised by an alkaline liquid.* Nothing else can have just the same effect, this being an elementary principle of chemistry of course. It naturally follows that to dissolve, neutralise and wash out the rheumatic acids the liquids you drink must contain the necessary alkaline elements to be absorbed into the blood and act upon the acids. These elements are easily provided. Simply get a small supply of the refined Alkia Saltrates compound from any chemist. As much of this as can be heaped on a sixpence should be dissolved in your tea, coffee, water, or other drink and taken every morning. No trace of any bitter, salty, sour, or other taste can possibly be detected. Also it cannot upset or irritate even the most delicate stomach. The only evidence that you are taking a medicine will be the plainly noticeable relief from rheumatic pain which it quickly produces. In each package of Alkia Saltrates the refiners enclose an authoritative and extremely valuable treatise, giving useful diet hints and other interesting information for rheumatic sufferers.

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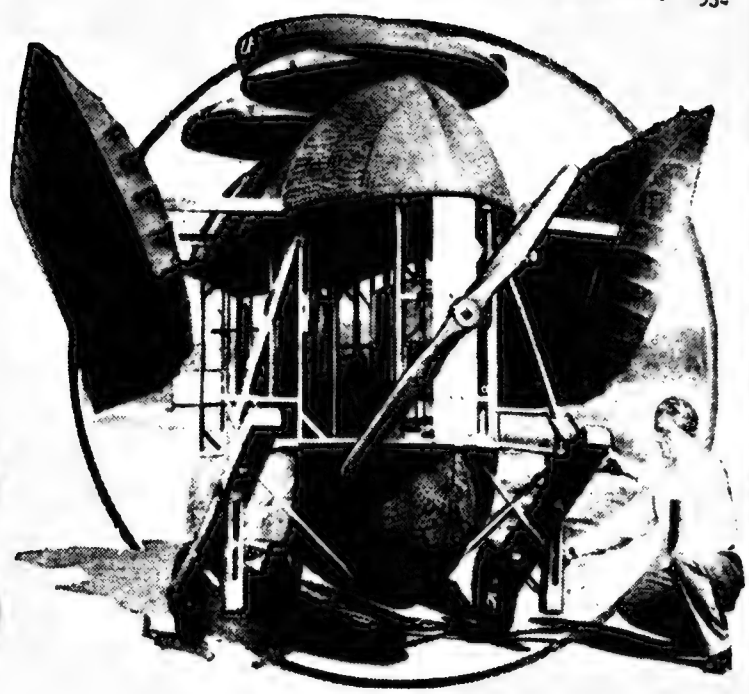
The AIR'S MAD Inventors



Craziest of the nightmare inventions, this owlish ship of the air really did fly—but even that didn't make it popular!

THE death-ray inventor, setting out in cold blood to devise a means of killing crowds of people with a beam of light, could scarcely be a greater public danger than some of the self-styled inventors, who seek to make flying safer with patents of their own, would be if they had their way.

At the headquarters of Imperial Airways they have an expert who deals with these people as soothingly and understandingly as a trained keeper handles a lunatic. For some of the devices they plan for the benefit of aerial humanity are incredibly crazy.

Although no British air-line passenger has ever been injured as a result of a petrol tank catching fire in mid-air, there are well-meaning cranks who devote months of research to assuring that petrol tanks shall not catch fire in the air.

One caller at Imperial Airways proved that no petrol need be carried. In fact, the aeroplane he had designed would fly itself

In rushing forward through the air it would turn a number of small propellers just as a boy turns a wind-mill by running forward with it. These would operate generators that would supply current to a motor. And the motor would turn the propeller proper, thus ensuring flight.

ALTHOUGH it was proved to him that the weight would be enormous, that the problem of starting the air liner remained to be solved, and that loss of power due to friction made perpetual motion impossible, he went away to improve on his great idea.

There are people who suggest detachable petrol tanks, little thinking that if a nervous pilot dropped one of them into a crowded street he might turn hundreds of pedestrians into human torches.

Another would-be inventor suggested that in every petrol tank should be carried a bottle of liquid, which in the case of fire could be shattered at a touch of a lever and the contents, mixing with the petrol, would make an uninflammable mixture. Unfortunately he had no idea what liquid could be carried in the bottle.

One of the most ambitious ideas was that of a middle-aged woman, whose plan was that the floor of an aeroplane should be like the roller-top of a desk, enabling the pilot to make it fold away from under the feet of his passengers.

Each passenger would wear a belt, hooked to a parachute in the roof, so that when the floor disappeared he, or she, would automatically drag his parachute from where it was folded away in the roof fabric and float down to safety.

As a means of enabling a pilot to rid himself of an unpleasant cargo of passengers it was excellent. But that was its only value.

Many strange inventors have a parachute complex, and it is not surprising that a few weeks ago a report was received from France suggesting that tests were to be made of a parachute that would carry the whole fuselage of an aeroplane to earth.

THE idea has often been suggested to Imperial Airways, and the plain fact is that the weight and bulk of such a parachute would make it almost impossible to carry passengers as well.

A similar suggestion was that every air liner should carry on its back a small aeroplane, in which the pilot and passengers would sit, and which, in the event of accident to the liner, would be instantly detachable at the touch of a lever. How it could suddenly fly itself at the touch of the lever was not stated.

There is one man who is determined to have a chain of air balloons floating over the Atlantic, so that aeroplanes can be tethered to them when necessary.

ANOTHER has designed landing mattresses to enable aeroplanes to fall on their aerodromes without a bump.

The "safer flying" devices proposed by these crank inventors are countless. Yet flying to-day is so comparatively safe that the British machines at present travelling between London and Paris have flown 2,187,900 miles without injury to a single individual.

The company owning them, Imperial Airways, has flown aeroplanes more than eight million miles, carrying nearly a quarter of a million passengers, since its inception in 1924, and has had only five accidents with fatal results.

Football Matches played on March 19

OUR EXPERT SELECTS—

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

(1) EVERTON v. Huddersfield.
**(2) SHEFFIELD U. v. Leicester.
(3) ARSENAL v. Newcastle.
(4) Birmingham v. Wednesday.
(5) BLACKBURN v. Liverpool.
(6) Blackpool v. Villa.
(7) DERBY v. Chelsea.
(8) MANCHESTER C. v. Middlesbro.
(9) PORTSMOUTH v. Grimsby.
(10) SUNDERLAND v. Bolton.
(11) W.B. ALBION v. West Ham.

SECOND DIVISION.

**(1) LEEDS v. Manchester U.
(2) Millwall v. WOLVERHAMPTON.
(3) Barnsley v. FOREST.
(4) BRADFORD C. v. Bradford.
(5) Bristol v. Preston.
(6) BURY v. Stoke.
(7) NOTTS v. Chesterfield.
(8) Oldham v. Southampton.
**(9) PLYMOUTH v. Burnley.
(10) PORT VALE v. Charlton.
(11) SWANSEA v. Hotspur.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern).

(1) FULHAM v. Brighton.
*(2) BRENTFORD v. Swindon.
(3) READING v. Watford.
(4) CARDIFF v. Boscombe.
**(5) COVENTRY v. Torquay.
**(6) EXETER v. Orient.
*(7) GILLINGHAM v. Bristol R.
(8) LUTON v. Q.P. Rangers.
(9) Northampton v. Palace.
(10) SOUTHEND v. Mansfield.
(11) Thames v. NORWICH.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern).

**(1) LINCOLN v. York.
(2) GATESHEAD v. Crewe.
*(3) BARROW v. Doncaster.
(4) CHESTER v. Tranmere.
(5) DARLINGTON v. Accrington.
(6) HALIFAX v. Wrexham.
(7) HARTLEPOOLS v. Rotherham.
(8) Hull v. Southport.
*(9) N. BRIGHTON v. Rochdale.
(10) WALSALL v. Carlisle.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) DUNDEE v. Airdrie.
(2) MOTHERWELL v. Partick.
(3) ABERDEEN v. Hamilton.
(4) Ayr v. Cowdenbeath.
(5) CLYDE v. Queen's Park.
(6) FALKIRK v. Dundee U.
(7) Leith v. Morton.
*(8) RANGERS v. Kilmarnock.
(9) ST. MIRREN v. Celtic.
(10) THIRD LANARK v. Hearts.

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

OUR FIVE-STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code: Div. I.—2 (*H*); Div. II.—1 (*H*); Southern Section—6 (*H*); Scottish League—8 (*H*) would indicate Sheffield United, Leeds, Exeter City and Glasgow Rangers.

Race with "Silver Ring"

An Easter Egg

THE racing man who is pondering where to go for Easter may decide at once to witness the Queen's Prize at Kempton Park, but if he hesitates he's lost!

Flat-race meetings take place at the Sunbury track, Birmingham and Newcastle; and National Hunt sport at Manchester, Carlisle, Market Rasen, Wincanton, Eridge, Hereford, Huntingdon, West Norfolk, Cardiff, Towcester, Wetherby and Torquay.

Easter Monday is a wonderful day for the great majority, but a terrible time for the "inside" racing journalist, particularly the man who has to handle details of the sport.

I hope to be one of the lucky brigade at Kempton, and regard Insurance as a "good thing" for the Queen's Prize. In view of recent events, I had to drop Remus as an Aintree hope.

VINICOLE or HEARTBREAK HILL way win the "National." If a revision is necessary, the Code will be utilised.

For the Saturday "double" I suggest Maggie Mac and Knuckleduster.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, March 17, to Wednesday, March 23.

P D C X Z H J S M L T A N G Q K
V B R E F I U O Y W 98 97 96 95 94 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

YHC97RWX would read MIRACLE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

DJC95X2 would read BURGEE.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MONEY. COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Children's Vests, 4/11 per doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 4/11 doz. Genuine Tremola Shirts, hose, 4/11 each. Boys' ribbed Jerseys, 12/- 2 Coll. Ladies' Overalls, 7/6 doz. Hundreds of doz. in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Bargain lines supplied Come and see us or Quarie for Catalogue, post free. — COCHRANE & write for Catalogue, post free. — COCHRANE & SONS, 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

START in Drapery and make money by selling again. Small capital only required. Lowest prices in the trade. Example: Ladies' Art Silk Hose, 8 11 only. Men's Suits, 15/- each, honestly worth 45/-. Ladies' or Gent's Mackintoshes, 6/6 each. Thousands of other Bargains. Sample Ba'es 21/-. Satisfaction or money returned under *John Bull* guarantee. Catalogue and Guide free.—WOLFSON, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for dealers and Beginners (or keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only). LEVY BROS. Dept. A., 19, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time; every kind; good profits; 200-page Catalogue free. Mac (1731), George Street, Birmingham.

80-PAGE WHOLESALE Drapery Catalogue, Post Free. Perfect and repeatable goods of Quality and Value Keenest Prices. All Depts. Ladies' Men's, Child's, Household. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wholesale only to the Trade.—Myers & Co (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity Street, Leeds.

MAKE MONEY by selling our Lovely Ladies' Necklets, etc. inexpensive; wonderful value; good profits; parties free.—ORIENTAL NECKLET CO., 66 Kirk Street Huddersfield.

AT CHEAPEST Who'esale Warehouse. Drapery, Hosiery etc. How to start business with £1. Free Cat. from H. Marks, 1, Houndsditch, E.C.3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Particulars and cat. free —Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

WANTED BY JOHN NOBLE LTD., ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS. The Ideal Club Leads for Value! Big commission, little trouble, no expense. Marvellous bargains in Fashions, Footwear, Furniture, Bedding, Outfitting, etc., all goods Carriage Paid on mainland. Over 60 years' reputation for value and service. Send P.C. NOW for particulars and wonderful Bargain Catalogue.—JOHN NOBLE, LTD. (Dept. A.7), MANCHESTER.

BONNYWAY'S want organisers of weekly Clubs in all country districts. New Bargain List—wonderful offers of Furniture, Cutlery, Jewellery, Bedding, Footwear, Furs, etc., at who'esale prices. Organise a weekly club in spare time; generous commissions. Write for full particulars.—Bonnyway's, Dept. B., 61, Gracechurch St., London, E.C.3.

HALF Profit. Quick Selling Lines. Agents wanted. Samples and full particulars free —X., PELICAN PRESS BROOK LANE, BRISTOL

AGENTS WANTED for splendid selling lines in household specialities Enclose 2d. postage for free sample and full particulars.—TEXALO CO. (Dept. J.B.) South Shore, Blackpool.

FOR LESS THAN 2d. A DAY you can buy Furniture, Clothing, Footwear through our Community Clubs. All FACTORY PRICES. AGENTS WANTED. Splendid commissions Unequalled opportunities. Send for Bargain Catalogue and details to Dept. 3, Dyson's, Horsfall, Aqueduct Mills, Preston.

AGENTS and House-to-House Canvassers. Wonderful new 6d. line. Sells at sight. Big profits. Send 1/- for sample and terms.—PENN, Dept. X, 182 Hackney Road, London N.19.

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ON SALE TO-DAY! SUPERB DOUBLE NUMBER OF "EXCHANGE AND MART." EXTRA PAGES. SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS. COMPETITION. COLOURED COVER. Thousands of amazing Bargain offers. 4d. all newsagents; 5d. from J. B. BURT & Co., 4, Greville Street, London, E.C.1.

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TO CLEAR DRAINS, Sinks and Stopped-up Waste Pipes get the useful household tool illustrated on pag. 2.

FREE.—Write for SELFRIDGE'S CYCLE LIST as offered on page 27. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

READERS' attention is drawn to the special RAZOR AND RAZOR BLADE advt. on page 31.

FREE.—JAY'S BARGAIN CATALOGUE OF FURNITURE. Simply fill in the coupon in the large advt. on this page.

SEND for FREE CATALOGUE OF GAMAGE CYCLES, all on easy payments. See advt on page 16. Mention *John Bull*.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the "BERKELEY" CHAIR advt. on page 32 and get full particulars of this wonderful Home Comfort that can be yours for 5/- down and 5/- monthly. An illustrated Catalogue and Patterns will be sent by return.

READERS' attention is drawn to the HERCULES CYCLE OFFER on page 20. Write for complete Illustrated Catalogue to Dept. J.B., Britannia Works, Aston, Birmingham.

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comprising saucepans, frying pan, colander, jelly mould, fish slice, pie dish, kettle, cake tin, egg cups, lemon squeezer, etc., as illustrated, is a Gift of great utility.

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WIMBLEDON....81, Broadway, S.W.19
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LEATHER FOR BOOT MENDING. Finest Butt Leather, Puritan Brand. Trial parcel post free 5/-. Cash and return postage if dissatisfied.—CHRISTIE, WELLINGTON BLDGS., STRAND, LIVERPOOL.

WALLPAPERS, Non-Combine, from 2½d. roll. Book Designs Patterns, post free.—Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

AN IDEAL GIFT. Gent's Luminous Wrist Watch. A sound job. Chromium case. Will last a lifetime. Each one fully tested and guaranteed. 15/6, post free. Also Lady's Watch, on moire band. 14/6.—Taylor-Greville, Ltd., 65-66, Basinghall St., London, E.C.2.

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER of British-made Flannels, all sizes. 5/6 per pair and fit guaranteed—one of the many bargain offers in this week's "SHOP WINDOW" (see pages 2 and 12).

"WA-KLEENA" Dry Cleaner removes all Smoke, Dust and Grime from Wallpaper, Distemper and Ceilings. Two tins (enough for two rooms) free on receipt of 2/6 P.O., or C.O.D.—Wa-Kleena, Ltd., Sentinel House, Dept. J.B., Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

WADDED QUILTS FREE. The Paton Mill Co. are again repeating their gift offer to *John Bull* readers. The advertisement appears in the "SHOP WINDOW" (page 12), and applicants should mention *John Bull* when writing.

MARKETING BY POST

TEA Wholesale. No. 1 10 lb. 7/6; No. 2, 10 lb. 10/-. Quantities Cheaper. Samples and Carriage FREE.—SIZER, 182/4, ROMAN ROAD, BOW, E.3.

TEA.—Buy Direct—save middlemen's profit. Indian & Ceylon, specially blended, 4 lb. 4/8, 10 lb. 10/-. Tea Dust, 10 lb. 5/-. Carr. pd. Special prices large quantities. Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, West Ham.

TEA.—WHOLESALE, EMPIRE BLENDS, 4 lb. 5/-, 4 lb. 5/4, 4 lb. 6/-, 4 lb. 6/8. Carriage Paid. Special Prices Large Quantities.—City & Provincial Tea Company, 14, Cursitor St., London, E.C.4.

READ THE BARGAIN ADS. ON PAGES 2 & 12.

DRESS.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-. 75 Home-made garments, Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers send 2/- for parcel on approval, cash or terms.—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 68, DOVER ROAD, PORTSMOUTH.

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CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

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REAL HARRIS and Lewis Homspuns direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James Street, Stornoway.

SUIT LENGTHS (3½ yds.). Cn't'd All Wool Indigo Serge at 30/-, 35/- and 40/- each. Patterns Free.—Holroyd & Son, Woollen Merchants, 245, Idle Rd., Bradford.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOS, Radio-Grams, 1932 How to make cheaply. Motors 7/6. Kits, parts, sets 64-p illus. drawings 3d.—Retentbuil, 120, Old St., Ldn., E.C.1.

WIRELESS.

FREE WIRELESS CATALOGUE. Send TO-DAY for our new 100-page Wireless Catalogue (postage 3d. stamps). YOUNG'S (GLASGOW) LTD. 40, STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW

DO NOT OVERLOOK THE ZONOPHONE OFFER on page 29.

READ THE BARGAIN ADS. ON PAGES 2 & 12.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Arlico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for genero s supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by test monials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS. Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful; no lumpy pads, no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial Catalogue free. — Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (482A), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-. Boots', etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Sample 3d.

BRONCHITIS, Asthma, Catarrh, Coughs, Colds, HERBAL BEANS give instant relief. Large Box (over 100 beans) 1/3. Post Free.—Samp 3d. Health Stores, Euston Rd., Morecambe.

WHOOPING COUGH. — Vapo-Cresolene allays irritation, quickly relieves cough and breathing difficulty. Free Booklet No. 46L from Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., LONDON, E.C.3.

RUPTURE TREATMENT FREE ON TRIAL. New Scientific treatment gives instant relief where other methods have failed. Stops Truss Torture. No springs or hard pads. Age no barrier. No need for restraint. Call or write for Booklet and full particulars of FREE TRIAL OFFER.—LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL CO., LTD. (Dept. D.H.), 12, Mortimer Street, London, W.1. Plymouth Branch: 4, Athenæum Arcade.

SUFFERERS FROM RHEUMATISM should take "CELUNOX" (Brand) Tablets, containing celery and vitamins. Dissolve uric acid and give speedy relief. 1/3. Boots and all chemists, or send 2d. for trial box, value 7½d. Dept. 15, CELUNOX, LTD., EDGWARE, MIDDLESEX.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on useless patent medicines. Send 3d. for my Book on the cure of weak nerves.—H. Rivers (J.B.84), 43, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

READERS' attention is drawn to the MACLEAN BRAND STOMACH POWDER advt. on page 40. If any difficulty in obtaining, send direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10, and mention *John Bull* when writing.

A GENEROUS FREE SAMPLE OF "ROBOLEINE" will be sent to readers filling in the coupon in the advt. on page 34.

A FREE TRIAL SAMPLE of "CICFA" for INDIGESTION is offered in the advt. on the Back Cover.

READERS' attention is drawn to the DOAN'S BACKACHE AND KIDNEY PILL advt. on page 28. A new 1/3 size is now introduced. The standard sizes, which are, of course, more economical, can still be obtained.

PARTICULARS of a very SPECIAL OFFER will be sent to readers mentioning this paper by the proprietors of HALL'S WINE. Simply send a p.c. to-day to the address given in the advt. on page 31.

A GENEROUS FREE SAMPLE OF WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER, the safe family remedy, recommended by mothers, doctors and nurses, can be obtained by filling in the coupon in the advt. on page 33.

A FREE BOOKLET AND TRIAL OF POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE, SMOKING MIXTURE, etc., can be obtained by filling in the coupon in the advt. on page 39.

ARE YOU RUPTURED? Write for the Free Booklet, describing the Blunden Appliance, mentioned in advt. on page 12.

READ THE BARGAIN ADS. ON PAGES 2 & 12.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing to olarge nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 10, New Bond St., London, W.1.

ANY Kind Old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

YOU NEED "HEALTH & STRENGTH." Try it free! Send postcard for specimen copy to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, London, E.C.1.

DUKE'S JAZZIED ALMONDS. YOU can't stop eating them. All Sweet Shops.

START A MAIL ORDER BUSINESS in your own home. Commence small, grow big. Expenses low, profits high. Either sex, anywhere, can commence in this lucrative, fascinating business. A free folder, "How to Start a Mail Order Business," fully describes the Hand system of mail order selling, and a copy will be sent post free and without obligation if you write to Chas. Hand, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1. Mention *John Bull*.

MAKE YOUR OWN BEER (Ale or Stout). Big Saving. See advt. on page 12.

THE new all-British "BLACK CAT" GIFT BOOK will be sent free to readers on application to "Black Cat" Gift Dept. 8, Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1. See page 6.

FILL in the coupon in the PRUDENTIAL advt. on page 35 for particulars of their GUARANTEED INCOME POLICY.

THE simple method of soaking dentures in a solution of MILTON and cold water brings new mouth comfort. Further information regarding this wonderful product appears on page 18.

SEND for FREE BOOK describing the "WIZARD" SYSTEM OF FOOT COMFORT. This is offered in the advt. on page 18.

FREE. Send for the Sun-Maid Recipe Booklet, containing nearly 100 Recipes. Write Dept. J.B.1, Producers' International Sales Association, Ltd., 59, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

READ THE BARGAIN ADS. ON PAGES 2 & 12.

TO STOP A COUGH OR COLD QUICKLY.

Any doctor or chemist will tell you that there is nothing to equal Honey Syrup, Squills and Tolu for checking a cough or cold promptly. For many years these old-time ingredients have been effectively used and "Pmeate" brand Honey Syrup combines them in a form which gives wonderful ease and relief with the very first dose. This instant action is due to antiseptic pine fumes which pervade the chest and lungs, destroying harmful germs and soothing inflamed membranes, while pure Honey stops throat soreness and strain. Young and old alike find "Pmeate" brand Honey Syrup wonderfully effective. Get a bottle of this instant-action bronchial remedy to-day! It costs but 1s. 6d. at any chemist, and a few doses will completely overcome your cough, cold or sore throat, and prevent infection spreading to other members of your family.

Why suffer with Indigestion?

THOUSANDS of indigestion sufferers do not realise that their trouble can be banished by neutralising the excess stomach acid which causes most digestive disorders. To do this they only need to take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after meals or when pain is felt. Not only does 'Bisurated' Magnesia instantly relieve discomfort but it soothes the acid-inflamed stomach lining. Doctors the world over recommend 'Bisurated' Magnesia—there is no quicker or surer remedy for indigestion.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA

prescribed for INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, GASTRITIS, FLATULENCE HEARTBURN and ACIDITY.

Powder — 1/3 — Tablets

Conquers PAIN without fiery burning!

OWING to the penetrating, soothing curative action of its ingredients, 'St. Jacobs' Liniment gives quick relief in all cases of:—

Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, Stiffness, Sprains, Chest Colds, Chilblains, &c.

'St. Jacobs' Liniment is entirely free from fiery, irritating substances—it soothes away pain by breaking up congestion and quieting nervous disturbance and inflammation in the tissues beneath the skin.

ST. JACOBS BRAND LINIMENT

No proprietary right is claimed in method of manufacture.

1/3 a bottle. Family size 2/9

WHEN I SAID— Thank God! —and meant it

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

PASSING through a village during a motor-cycle race in the Isle of Man, the steering gear broke. The machine, completely out of control, plunged directly towards a group of spectators.

The appalling prospect of ploughing through the crowd seemed to eliminate any thought of personal danger.

I escaped with slight bruises, but it was an inexpressible relief to find that, almost by a miracle, everyone had got clear just in time.

—J. R., Dumfries.

—for England!

After reading of the dastardly act of the kidnapping of Col. Lindbergh's baby, a shudder of horror went through me.

My thoughts and heartfelt sympathy went out to the anxious parents; then to my own little boy, sleeping peacefully.

I silently uttered, and meant, these words: "Thank God I live in England."—*E. C., Ashford.*

Days of Torment

We had been married just two years when the steamer of which my husband was chief officer was reported "Missing and overdue." The passage normally takes seventeen days.

Day after day passed without any news, and violent storms were raging in the Atlantic.

Then, on the thirty-sixth day, I had this joyful message from the shipowners: "Arrived to-day; all safe and well."—*A Sailor's Wife, London.*

Glorious Rain

In the Australian bush, after a long drought, I was lying hardly able to breathe, damp with perspiration, tormented by prickly heat and flies.

Sun and glare were everywhere; everything one touched seemed hot.

Suddenly pitter-patter on the iron roof, gently at first, then a steady downpour. Glorious, life-giving rain!—*E. L., Kent.*

Deep Drop

I had received orders to carry out a parachute descent at 10,000 ft. The pilot gave the word and I dived over.

At the second of leaving the 'plane I saw there was a knot in the running-cord, and I knew I was falling to death. The parachute half opened. I seemed to fall sideways, swinging like a pendulum.

Gradually the speed checked, and I fell into the branches of a huge oak, safe but for scratches. My "Thank God" meant something at that moment.—"*R.A.F.*," *Edgware.*

Mother's Race

When my baby, two years old, was, as I thought, playing in the garden, I looked out and found that he was gone.

Looking for him, I saw a hole in the fence leading into a field at the bottom of which was the railway, and my baby was on the track.

The agony of those few minutes is indescribable; but I reached him just before a train passed.—*W., Yorks.*

Submarine Shock

We were trawling peacefully in a sailing trawler off the coast of Anglesea, North Wales, when a German submarine suddenly appeared.

The commander came aboard us, with a few of his crew, and lined us up on deck. He spoke to our captain, and then asked for some fresh fish.

Receiving it, he expressed thanks, said "Good morning," and disappeared.

"Thank God!" was never more truly said, for we were in the middle of the German ruthless sink-at-sight campaign.—*Trawler P., Liverpool.*

Pit Tragedy

When the terrible explosion happened at Sengheydd Colliery over four hundred lost their lives.

I, with many others, went up to the pit-head, as my husband and father were down the mine.

About ten o'clock my husband came up unhurt, and about half an hour later my father also.

The two most dear to me were alive, when so many others had lost husbands and sons.—*Ex-Miner's Wife, London.*

Narrow Squeak

Walking up the street, I saw a motor-lorry laden with stone coming the opposite way. A small boy was playing in the gutter.

Just as the lorry was passing, the child darted across the road. I stood horrified. The driver turned crossways, and the back wheels pushed the child on his back.

I picked him up, crying. Looking at the child, and then at the two tons of stone on the lorry, I murmured, "Thank God!"—*W. L., Askern.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, March 22.

The Friend who Failed Me - and How

Stern Fight

With seas literally mountains high, our small drifter had been for hours fighting against the storm.

Gear and ropes were breaking, the deck awash with the heavy seas, the skipper struggling with the wheel to keep the boat's head in the direction of the only harbour open to us on that part of the coast.

At last, by an almost superhuman effort, and after all but completely overturning, we made the shelter of the harbour. I and the remainder of the crew exclaimed sincerely, "Thank God!"—*W. A. S., Morley.*

Dread Knock

When I thanked God and meant it was when the Armistice was signed in 1918, not for ending the Great War, because that was an affair of man's, not God's, but because my husband's life was spared to me and the children.

I thought of the happy reunion, the home-coming and last, but not least, that the dread of the postman's knock was over.—*V. W., Aldershot.*

Welcome "Yes"

After looking forward to the birth of my first baby with a certain amount of fear, it seemed incredible that my offspring could be perfect.

After asking timidly, "Is she perfectly all right?" and getting "Yes" in answer, I closed my eyes and murmured, "Thank God!"—*M. H., Blackburn.*

Granny Grateful

It was at Christmas time. My four children and four grandchildren were in good work or doing well at school, all ever so happy.

I am nearly seventy, and in the best of health, also my hubby.

Surely something to be thankful for, especially in these times of so much distress.—*E., Edmonton.*

Lifted Load

We met in a shell-hole, in No Man's Land, that German boy and I, falling into it from opposite sides. I fired first, and then I saw he was but a boy.

I felt sorry, and got him to our lines. Among his papers was a pathetic letter from his mother; I felt like a murderer.

When the medical officer told me that he would recover, I think he was rather surprised at my heartfelt "Thank God." But a very great load had been lifted from my mind.—*Capt. Berney, Surrey.*

What News!

I had recently lost two dear sisters with tuberculosis, and was myself in hospital, having shown signs of the disease.

My X-ray plate was lying on my bed. I had tremblingly taken a quick glimpse at it when the doctor entered.

The plate was held to the light, and then the doctor said, "Well, young lady, there's nothing wrong with you."—*Mrs. G., London, E.*

Freed

After a romantic courtship, I left a sheltered home to marry a man I knew very little about. Very soon I learnt that women to him were "less than the dust."

The end to all my unhappiness was the Divorce Court, and when I stepped out a free woman I said, "Thank God!"—and meant it.—*H. H., Blackpool.*

Memory

After months of illness, one day I entered the out-patients' department of a hospital, only to realise suddenly that I did not remember my name or address.

No one will ever know the terrible panic I was in, although doctors and nurses did all they could for me.

It was hours afterwards before my memory as suddenly returned. The "Thank God" I muttered to myself I meant.—*Mrs. P., Surrey.*

Common Mercies

Only quite recently did I thank God.

A poor girl, paralysed and helpless, was wheeled through one of the main streets of our city in an invalid carriage.

Maybe, at one time she was as healthy and capable as a good many of us, and I remarked to my friend, "We have a lot to be thankful for if only we have our health and strength."—*W. A., Bristol.*

* * *

When my son walked in a free man after three months of suspense as to what the verdict would be—prison or freedom.—*A Mother, Bingley.*

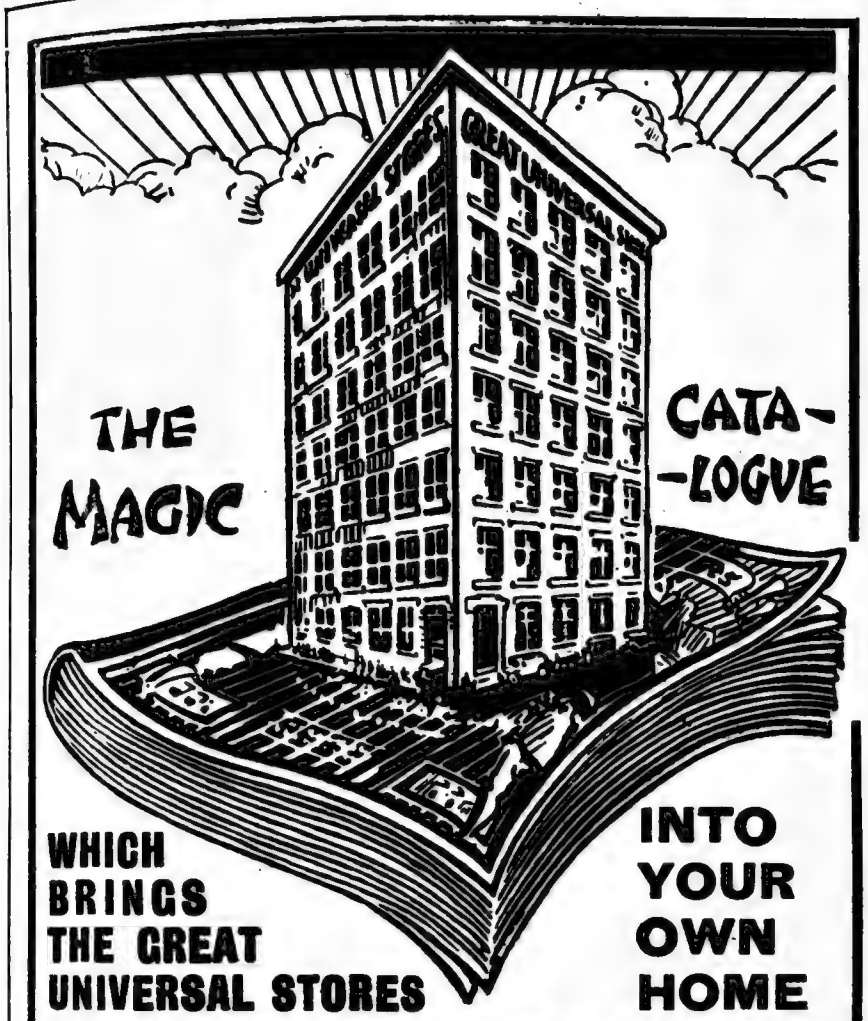
The day I stepped off a submarine after a "course" and went back to my old ship.—*Longshoreman, Kent.*

When a stone weighing about half a ton crashed at the very spot where I had been standing.—*W. B. V., Notts.*

After having experienced the terrible ordeal of being entombed in the mine for five and a half hours.—*Lucky One, Durham.*

No one can say "Thank God" with more emphasis than a mother after the arrival of her first baby.—*L. A. P., Ackworth.*

'Phone call from hospital, "Crisis passed."—*Father, Aberdeen.*



A unique and comprehensive Catalogue comprising nearly 300 pages and 2,000 illustrations of wonderful bargains in JEWELLERY, CUTLERY, HARDWARE, CLOCKS, FURNITURE, BEDDING, CARPETS, GRAMOPHONES and RADIO, SUITS and CLOTHING, FURS, GOWNS, DRAPERY, GARDEN REQUISITES and hundreds of other lines too numerous to mention from 2/6 upwards.

EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME AND PERSONAL USE.

ALL OUR GOODS ARE SENT WELL PACKED AND CARRIAGE PAID ANYWHERE IN THE BRITISH ISLES.

SEND FOR THIS WONDERFUL CATALOGUE AND FILL YOUR HOMES WITH GREAT UNIVERSAL GOODS AT GREAT SAVING PRICES.

All our wonderful bargains are supplied at less than wholesale prices on easy payment terms through our Supreme Club System. You want our goods—your friends need them. Why not form Clubs of ten or twenty members amongst your family, friends, relatives, neighbours or work associates, each paying small weekly payments and receiving our goods in turn.

YOU CAN EARN REGULAR BIG CASH COMMISSIONS AND BONUSES. TAKE UP ONE OF OUR AGENCIES AND REAP THE BENEFIT LIKE THOUSANDS OF OTHERS ARE DOING.

NO SAMPLES TO CARRY, AND NO OUTLAY. ASK FOR PARTICULARS, WHICH WILL BE SENT BY RETURN.

The GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES Ltd.

(ORIGINATORS AND PIONEERS OF BARGAIN CLUBS),
Dept. 261, DEVONSHIRE STREET, ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.

Copyright.

Are you a Martyr to Asthma or Bronchitis?

Martyrdom is the only word for your suffering—the paroxysms of coughing, feelings of suffocation, tightness across the chest and frantic struggles for breath. Adopt the same remedy used by Mrs. S., of Brighton, who writes:—"I have been a martyr to Asthma for thirteen years and previous to using Potter's Asthma Cure could not go to bed, being obliged to sit up in a chair. Now I go to bed comfortably." Potter's Asthma Cure is just as good for Catarrh, Croup, Whooping Cough and other similar troubles.

"I could not live without Potter's Asthma Cure."

HEALTH HINTS FOR ASTHMATICS

Relief from the distressing symptoms of Asthma and Bronchitis is a good thing, but the prevention of attacks is even better, and our booklet "ARE YOU ASTHMATIC?" tells you how. It is full of useful and practical information, as to what you should and should not do. It refers to food, mealtimes, digestion and other matters of interest and importance. This booklet is sent free with the Free Trial.

TO OUTDOOR WORKERS

If you are subject to Asthma, Bronchitis, Lung or Chest Troubles and your occupation compels you to be out of doors, you are strongly recommended to smoke Potter's Asthma Smoking Mixture or Cigarettes which will give you instant relief.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct post free 1/9 from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE & BOOKLET TO-DAY

To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

I enclose two penny stamps to cover postage for a Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture, and Cigarettes, also a copy of booklet "ARE YOU ASTHMATIC?"

Name .....

Address .....

.....

John Bull PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS

MARRIAGE.

DO NOT SPOIL YOUR PARADISE BEFORE YOU ENTER IT.

Venereal Disease has prevented and ruined many marriages.

The very first risk may be once too often, and then, if treatment is neglected, painful complications and long years of suffering and misery may follow.

A large number of men and women set themselves a high standard of sex conduct and abide by it, but some fall by the wayside. Their duty is to go at once to a qualified doctor, or to one of the Free Treatment Centres, and remain under treatment until cured.

For further information, readers should write to the British Social Hygiene Council, which is the official organisation employed by Local Authorities to undertake educational work regarding Venereal Disease and Social Hygiene.

Advice, free literature, and lists of useful booklets may be obtained by writing to the Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council, Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

Mention "John Bull" when you write.

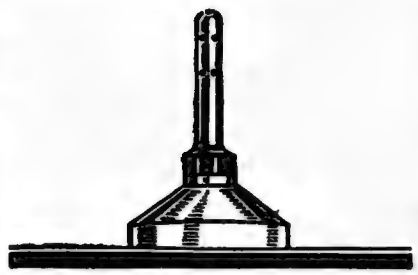
CORNS

QUICKLY GONE FOR GOOD!

New! Medicated Disks, used with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, for positive removal of corns and callouses in 48 hours! *No extra cost!* Medicated Disks are now included in every packet of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns and Callouses. In one minute pain ends! In two days hard, dead skin is loosened and easy to remove. Safe, sure, antiseptic. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Corns-between-toes; from all Dr. Scholl's Depots, Chemists and Shoe Shops, per pkt. 1/3.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!



PILES!

Piles, neglected, may cause blood poisoning, days and nights of agony—perhaps an operation becomes necessary. Man Zan gives immediate relief from pain and irritation. This antiseptic, soothing preparation gets right to the seat of the trouble. Obtainable from all chemists, Man Zan costs but 3/- per tube, including special nozzle applicator. Be sure you ask for—

Why go GREY?

Morgan's Pomade has, for the past 50 years, restored the original colour to the grey and faded hair of thousands of men and women.

From a very small beginning, Morgan's Pomade has built up a most enviable reputation because it does all that is claimed for it, i.e., restores the hair to its natural colour and beautifies it as well. Not a dye.

MORGAN'S POMADE

has stood every test and it has never failed. Inexpensive, economical. Every one whose hair is grey, going grey, or faded should give Morgan's Pomade a trial. In jars, price 1/9 and 3/3. Postage 2d. and 4d. Obtainable from Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's, and all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores, or direct from the manufacturers:

THE MARIE ANTOINETTE CO. Ltd., 149, Junction Road, London, N.19, England.

WHOOPING COUGH

For quicker relief, let your child inhale Vapo-Cresolene vapour while sleeping. Every breath carries soothing, antiseptic vapour direct to irritated membranes of breathing organs. No long waiting for relief as is the case with remedies taken internally. Does not upset the stomach. Drugless, easy to use. Disinfects the room and prevents the spread of infection. Complete directions with every bottle. In successful use for 52 years. Goes straight to the spot. Of all chemists.

Vapo-Cresolene

gives quicker relief.

Send for Booklet No 32D. ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD., Lombard Street, LONDON, E.C.3

STOMACH ULCERS END QUICKLY.

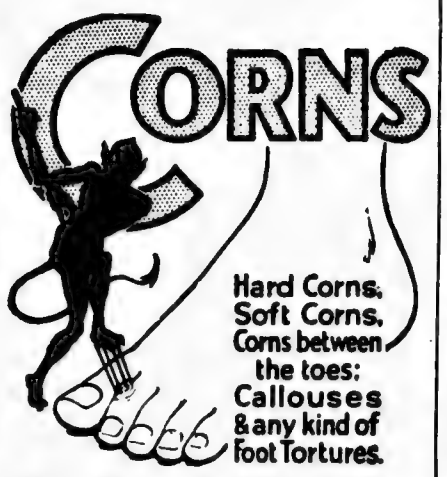
All over the country sufferers from Stomach Ulcers are getting relief from their agony with what doctors call the Maclean formula, the cure for digestive ailments now used in the clinics of London's leading hospitals.

This Maclean formula has been proved by the hospitals to bring rapid relief and permanent cure in case after case of Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Wind, Flatulence, and even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers.

And now you can get the Maclean formula ready packed for your own personal use. Now the priceless benefits of this great discovery are available to end the pain and discomfort which have ruined your life.

All you have to do is to go to any chemist and get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Ask for it by that exact name because then you are certain it is the exact formula which the Doctors and Hospitals have proved, and look for the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN."

If your chemist is out of stock, send 2s. direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Special Note: Maclean Brand Powder is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2s. and 1/3 cartons. The former containing double the quantity at 6d. less than double the price. Also packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.



THERE'S instant relief in the medicated and oxygenated foot-bath prepared by adding a handful of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' to plain hot water. Two or three foot-baths and out comes the worst corn, root and all. Callouses rub off with a rough towel. Every kind of soreness, swelling, irritation or pain is soothed and comforted in this simple and inexpensive manner. A delightful foot-bath and then the joy of sound, healthy feet, free from corns and lastingly comfortable!

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES
Pronounced 'ROO-DEL'

Now Triple-Oxygenated.
Size Increased. Price still only 1/6.

DRINK HOT WATER TO KEEP SLIM.

Some time ago, Miss Gracie Fields announced that she had signed a pledge "in the interest of health and a trim, slender figure" to drink hot water every morning. This is an example which everyone who wants to keep slim should follow. The underlying principle of this simple but successful aid to slimness is that indigestible waste materials which pollute the blood, cause congestion and lead to excess fatness, are more easily eliminated. To make absolutely sure of washing away this congesting waste matter you should drink every morning before breakfast a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate in it. This will prove an unfailing means of flushing away from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels all indigestible material, fermentations, sour bile and toxins, thus purifying the blood and overcoming the most common cause of fatness. A quarter pound of 'Limestone' Phosphate is obtainable for two shillings from any chemist, and will prove to those who desire a slim figure that there is something which will really help them.

How you can Win

"JOHN BULL'S" LIFE PENSION FOR THIS X-WORD!

"Use just ordinary commonsense!" says Mr. E. Willmer, of Ipstones, Stoke-on-Trent, advising you how to fill up the squares and win a Life Pension in the next half-hour. This recent £750 winner is only one of many competitors who have captured "John Bull's" Crossword Prize outright.

£3 A WEEK FOR LIFE or £1,250 Cash

£50 EXTRA FOR RUNNERS-UP.

THE LATTER AWARD WILL BE PAID, SHOULD PRIZE BE DIVIDED

"JOHN BULL" will pay £3 a week for Life or £1,250 cash for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 31st and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday April 7th.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co.; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON Thursday, March 24th.**

2.—No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, April 7th, 1932.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post **Tuesday, April 19th, 1932,** in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £50 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should first prize be shared, £1,250 cash will be paid instead of dividing Pension.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

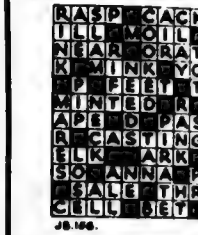
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. { See Rule 1.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 156



JB.156.

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 156 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 158

JB·158 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*

JB·158

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE, Noon, Thurs., March 24, 1932

X-WORD PENSION WON OUTRIGHT!
See result of Competition No. 153 on page 31.

CLUES ACROSS.

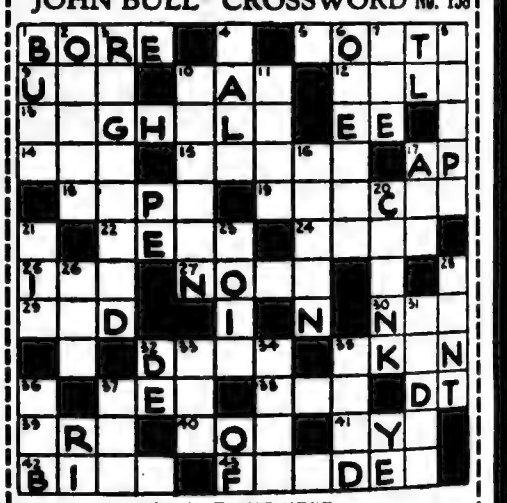
1. Make a hole.
5. Enemy's objectives in wartime.
9. Employ.
10. All our M.P. did.
12. Male of cattle.
13. Baby's tucked up thus.
14. Afternoon meal.
15. Pay back.
18. Mature.
19. What the voter does.
22. Accounts of recent happenings.
24. Unoccupied.
25. Wrath.
27. Playwright jots this down.
29. Rove about restlessly.
30. Indicates maiden name.
32. Child's plaything.
35. A hide.
37. Tree common in churchyards.
38. Makes a man mellow.
39. Crude mineral.
40. Negative.
41. Optic organ.
42. What tramp sometimes gets.
43. An attraction for baby.

CLUES DOWN.

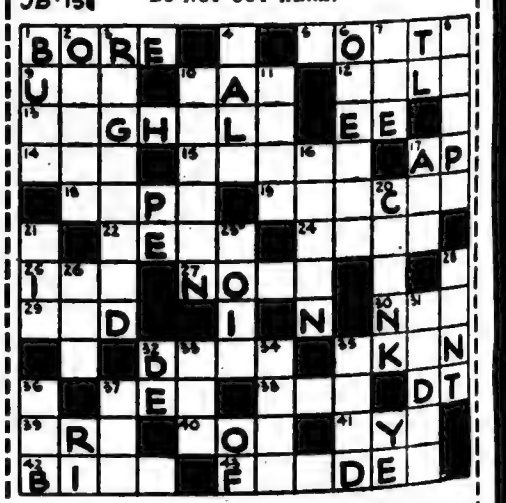
1. Push.
2. Rushy plant.
3. Recovered.
4. Lots get knocked down in this.
6. Did as was told.
7. Regret.
8. These may land you in the police court.
10. Scattered.
11. Compositor sets this up.
16. Foreigner.
17. Consumed.
20. Metallic sound.
21. Boatman knows how to handle.
23. Earth.
26. Often helps hospital's work.
28. Put up in desirable spot.
31. Duck from which we get down.
33. Possess.
34. Opposite of "early."
35. Flowers grow from this.
36. Attack.
37. Hitherto.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull" or his copy of "Passing Show," in conjunction with which journal this contest is conducted. Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 158



JB·156 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*



JB·158

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

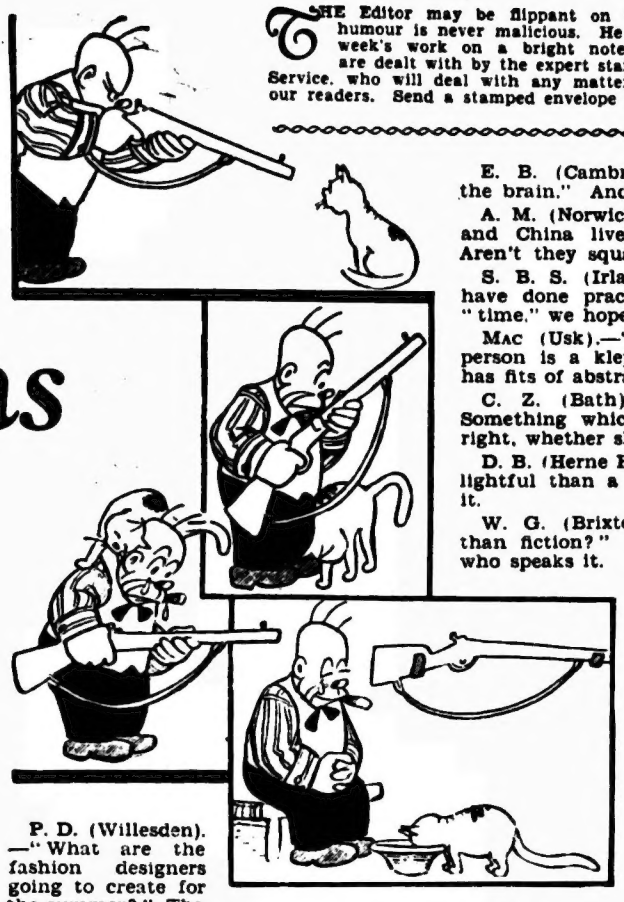
Don't Omit your Name and Address

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to both.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 158), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

The EDITOR Laughs Last

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Send a stamped envelope with your query.



ADAMSON: The Puss!

C. H. (Wisbech).—"It's pluck that gets a man to the top nowadays." The trouble is to know whom to pluck.

T. T. (Redcar).—"I always look up to a man who wears a silk hat." And we always look down on spats.

O. D. (Buxton).—"I have been writing articles ever since I could spell." Many people begin before that.

N. Y. (Salisbury).—"I don't understand how she can look me in the face." Perhaps she's got used to it by now.

N. T. R. (Sheffield).—"I always see something funny when I go angling in the country." Your reflection?

C. T. (Leeds).—"I am convinced that cleverness is born and not acquired." Don't put the blame on your parents.

DOCTOR (Tipton).—"Bananas are good for the temper." Unless you happen to slip on the skin.

F. H. (Colchester).—"The buttonhole is coming back." Some laundries even leave part of the shirt attached as well.

W. S. (Margate).—"My wife was jealous when she saw another girl's name tattooed on my chest." Explain that the affection was only skin deep.

MAGISTRATE (London, S.W.).—"It is very easy to be drawn into crime nowadays." We confess to having a sweepstake ticket ourselves.

P. G. (Ulverston).—"A man spends a great deal of his life looking for the ideal woman." And often gets married in the meantime.

J. S. (Norwood).—"Have women a sense of humour?" To judge from some of their husbands, they must have.

T. C. (Denbigh).—"The time will come when wireless will control the weather." Heaven help the sailors on a night like that!

W. H. (Raynes Park).—"When I don't know a thing I immediately say 'I don't know it.'" How monotonous you must find life.

J. R. J. (Sandwich).—"In the event of war, all wireless sets would probably be confiscated." So there's something to be said even for war.

S. H. (Chelsea).—"I would appreciate your criticisms of the enclosed landscape." We would be more complimentary if you described it as a landslide.

F. M. (Daventry).—"I have discovered that fish travel more quickly in cold and wet weather." They must get very tired in this country before the year is out.

GRUMPY (Lincoln).—"Some day I'll get my own back on the boss." Don't forget, my friend, that you can't cure a grievance by nursing it.

L. C. K. (Hampstead).—"I recently bought a very novel suit which has no pockets. It cost ten guineas." So you didn't need any pockets?

E. R. (Derby).—"Can the B.B.C. compete successfully with the average talkie?" What the B.B.C. really has to compete with is the average listener.

F. N. (Poole).—"The number of music-halls now being converted into kinemas is an insult to variety artistes." Yes, it is certainly enough to make old-time comedians grave in their turns.

MISCHIEF (Birmingham).—"I broke my father's pipe the other day. Is this unlucky?" Yes. It is a sign that you are going to have trouble with a man much older than yourself.

P. D. (Willesden).—"What are the fashion designers going to create for the summer?" The usual domestic disputes.

S. H. (Ipswich).—"I am just learning to drive a car at the age of eighty-eight." We had no idea pedestrians lived so long.

DOCTOR (Liverpool).—"Few people realise that the sun is Nature's medicine." It doesn't dawn on them.

G. J. (Clacton).—"What is the secret of success?" Making hay while the sun *doesn't* shine.

F. M. (Glasgow).—"I proposed on a starlit night and was accepted." In a twinkling?

G. S. (Knebworth).—"I saw two men buying new diaries as late as March 1." Probably a plumber and his mate.

T. M. (Bury).—"I know what I am talking about." That is where you have the advantage of us.

J. G. (Hull).—"Is there a certain cure for indigestion?" Yes, but few men have sufficient courage to tell their wives that they are dining out in future.

F. G. (Llanelly).—"A small dog in the house makes for one's happiness." More often it makes for one's slippers.

J. M. (Sutton).—"A barrel of beer was found by workmen while they were destroying an old cellar." It will never be found again.

H. M. (Guildford).—"After all, what can the authorities do with a man who keeps on tearing his clothes to pieces in his cell?" Put him in charge of the prison laundry.

D. T. (Newcastle).—"Although the chairman of a recent meeting yawned several times during the address, everyone else appeared to be quite wide-awake." Perhaps he was the only one who was listening to it.

E. B. (Cambridge).—"Fish stimulates the brain." And fishing the imagination.

A. M. (Norwich).—"Why cannot Japan and China live like one big family?" Aren't they squabbling enough already?

S. B. S. (Irlam).—"During my life I have done practically everything." Not "time," we hope.

MAC (Usk).—"How can you tell if a person is a kleptomaniac?" He or she has fits of abstraction.

C. Z. (Bath).—"What is intuition?" Something which tells a woman she is right, whether she is or not.

D. B. (Herne Hill).—"What is more delightful than a cold bath?" Forgetting it.

W. G. (Brixton).—"Is truth stranger than fiction?" It depends chiefly upon who speaks it.

A. P. (Hunstanton).—"When I am down your way, I'll bowl in." And spin a yarn?

J. L. F. (Pangbourne).—"My handwriting betrays my character absolutely." So that's why you typed your letter?

S. G. (Banbury).—"What is the measure of crime in Britain?" The Yard, of course.

R. T. (Dover).—"Do you recommend training for hiking?" Certainly, if you are too tired to walk.

S. G. (Bury).—"I have a neighbour whose musical son should go far." The boy next door annoys us, too.

D. L. (Croydon).—"Any fool can manage a car." So you have just finished your driving lessons?

R. T. (Cardiff).—"Have I the right to open my wife's letters?" No, nor, we suppose, the courage.

H. V. (Ealing).—"Can superfluous fat be removed by rubbing with a piece of ice?" No, but a lump of ice can.

F. C. (Fulham).—"Do you wish to be cremated?" Certainly not; that is the last thing we want to happen.

D. P. (Epsom).—"In the Spring a young man's fancy——" Is often left at the post.

W. P. (Northampton).—"The speed fiend must go." Certainly, but need he do so quite so fast?

D. A. (Swansea).—"I often try to make my mind a blank." Be more ambitious—try something more difficult.

W. D. S. (Manchester).—"The career of a confidence-trickster is, at the beginning, heart-breaking." And, at the end, stone-breaking.

B. G. (Croydon).—"The conventional Sunday 'hot dinner' has many distressing results." Yes, cold meat on Monday and hash on Tuesday.

R. H. (Filey).—"I quarrelled with my husband because he refused to let me powder my face." But you made it up in the end?

Miss G. D. (Fulham).—"I'm going to be married on Easter Saturday." We're also closing a competition on that day—that offer of ten big Easter Cheques on page 43.

C. R. (Ilford).—"What do you think I did when I found I couldn't really afford to take my fiancée to a theatre?" Took her to a theatre?

T. H. (Bury).—"I have left everything in the hands of my solicitors." Realising, of course, they would get it eventually in any case.

B. H. (Staines).—"Can you tell me the latest Hollywood stunt?" Yes, we understand that a divorce coupon is now attached to each marriage licence.

E. L. (Margate).—"I have faced my wife some 6,000 times across the breakfast table." Don't you buy a morning paper?

C. L. (Fulford).—"A piano with two keyboards has been invented in Russia." We knew that country was bent on making trouble.

S. H. (Bury).—"What are those popular film stars who were unsuited for the talkies doing now?" A lot seem to be acting for the talkies.

P. I. P. (Colchester).—"Some people are so close-fisted that they won't even give you advice." Yes, and others are so generous that they'll even give away your secrets.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Weak Kidneys

Make You Old Before Your Time!

Many women (and men, too) go about daily duties literally broken down with pain. Back nearly breaking, muscles twitching and burning, joints stiff and swollen, bladder troubles, no vitality, no energy, work hateful, no interest in pleasures that others enjoy—the cause is Kidney Trouble.

Most confidently we suggest that if kidney weakness, backache, urinary disorders, rheumatism make your life a misery, you cannot do better than start at once with the 40-year-old remedy DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. From the very first dose, in 24 hours, you will see they have acted on the kidneys.

De Witt's Pills cost but 3/- ; the larger, more economical size, 5/-. Why feel and look old when "De Witt's" will end your suffering? See you get De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills in the special white, blue and gold box. Beware of imitations.

DE WITT'S
Kidney and Bladder **PILLS**

OVERALLS MUST STAND BAD WEATHER

as well as hard wear

The New Lybro "Easy-fit" are the right Overalls for all who expect hard wear. Lybro "Easy-fit" Overalls have always represented the finest value—but the New type are better than ever. Besides the usual special anti-shrink dungaree, double-stitching and other well-known features, there are more and better pockets, increased protection and roomier cut. Prices are for garments up to size 44 waist and chest. O.S. extra.

Ask your Outfitter for Lybro "Easy-fit" Overalls — in Blue, Tan and Brown. See the RED BUTTON.

Bib and Brace Overalls	6/6
Ditto—Double Knees	7/6
Jackets or Trousers	5 11
Boiler Suits	9 11
Ditto—with Zip ...	11/6

66

If unable to obtain write to Workwear Ltd., Mount Vernon, Liverpool, asking for name of nearest supplier.

LYBRO EASY FIT OVERALLS

CVS. 46

CUT FOR COMFORT—MADE FOR WEAR

6 OF THE 8 BULLETS FIRSTS

THIS YEAR, FOLLOWING

35 OF THE 46

BULLETS FIRSTS LAST YEAR

were won by readers of

The Leader

Do you realise that out of the 54 "Bullets" first prizes awarded during the past fifteen months, no less than 41 have gone to regular readers of THE LEADER—the competition-solving paper which a newspaper competitor cannot possibly afford to be without?

-and here's the Reason Why!

ONCE you have seen a copy of THE LEADER you will realise why it has a sale equal to that of all other competition-solving papers added together. No other paper devotes anywhere near as much space to Literary Competitions, and in providing its readers with expert assistance and advice which helps them to carry off the big prizes being offered by JOHN BULL—and other papers—every week.

A recent big prize-winner summed up the difference between THE LEADER and competitive publications when he said "THE LEADER begins where other competition-solving papers leave off."

EACH of the examples in the BULLETS Offer on the facing page is analysed in this week's issue of THE LEADER. Competitors are provided with likely thoughts and examples of specimen lines.

All winning lines announced this week in Literary competitions are criticised by "Scrutineer," who explains why they have met the Judges' eye and the various interesting points in their construction. You will also find additional coupons for BULLETS and other Literary competitions which you may use for further entries.

-and "John Bull" Crossword too!

The current issue of THE LEADER also contains a reliable solution for JOHN BULL Crossword this week. additional coupons which you may use and dictionary definitions of the various alternatives. Ones you have seen the Crossword pages of THE LEADER. you will realise why readers have already won £37,000 in Crossword competitions this year.

See that you have

The Leader

SOLVES EVERY NEWSPAPER COMPETITION

ON SALE EVERYWHERE 2D

Net Sale equals that of all other competition-solving papers added together!

Gutted!

Is your Home protected?

GUTTED! The possessions of a lifetime swallowed up by the flames! A happy home reduced to a charred and blackened shell! A tiny spark is sufficient to cause a tragedy such as this.

Is *your* home protected against the Fire Demon? Could you look to "John Bull" for a cheque if Fire reduced your belongings to ashes?

In thousands of cases "John Bull" has come to the rescue. A London reader writes: "Without 'John Bull's' cheque, I would have had no recompense, as I am insured in no other quarter." Another reader who had his furniture and other effects ruined by fire and water expresses surprise at the generous cheque he received and at the "prompt help and kindly interest" which was manifested.

Fire—up to £1,000.

Fire Benefits have now been increased up to £1,000, making "John Bull's" Fire Insurance more valuable than ever. Cover that little home of yours now. Sign the Registration Forms without delay.

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT, BURGLARY—"John Bull" covers you free.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 19/3/32.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of John Bull. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B., 19/3/32.

JOHN BULL'S PEN OFFER

Breaking all Records

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance.** *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.*

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

CASH IF COUPONS

VALUE 3D

BE QUICK FOR THE EASTER "BIG TEN"!

OUR message to you this week is too long for one little bird to tell you—it needs two to announce the fine offer of ten big Easter Eggs which now awaits your speedy attention.

For a few well-chosen words, ten entrants in this one-week contest will soon be pocketing a bumper cheque. If you are amongst them your reward for half-an-hour's juggling with words may be £10, £12, £14, £16, £18, £20, £30, £40, £50—or even as much as £500!

This ten-fold opportunity will not appear again, so go in and win with the coupons on this page.

To make a prize-worthy *Bullet* all you have to do is to compress any rough idea which occurs to you into TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS which link up neatly with the *Example* chosen and produce some apt and original comment. Suppose, for instance, you choose the *Example* TONIC FOR THE TAXPAYER, the added words SELDOM IN "WHITE PAPER" would complete a *Bullet*.

Before starting on your own efforts, spend a few minutes studying the winning *Bullets* printed below. Then get busy whilst there is still time to win an Easter nest-egg—and see that your entry is postmarked not later than Saturday, March 26.

£1 LIFE PENSION AND £500 WON THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE, COMPETITION No. 839:

Mr. P. E. D. EAGLE, 53, Blacklands Road, Catford, S.E.
Example:—AIRY NOTHINGS
Bullet:—NO WONDER PEACE SHIVERS!

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. V. K. MOUNTAIN, 19, Norwood Road, Leicester.
Example:—For The Hospitals
Bullet:—In Case I'm "Case."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. W. HOLLISTER, 2, Foley Street, Hereford.
Example:—At A Standstill
Bullet:—Too Many "Steady Chaps."

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mrs. E. BERRY, 12, Ottiwells Terrace, Marsden.
Waking Up — Heavyweight Absently "Hugged" Missus!

E. BRITLAND, 19, Levenshulme Road, Manchester.
Sailor's Sweetheart—Mrs. "A.B."—Maybe.

J. GOSSET, 16, Coston's Avenue, Greenford.
Airy Nothings—"—Your Valuable Services, But—"

J. HOARE, 1, Chilcompton Road, Midsomer Norton.
Beautiful Spring—"Exhibition" Helping Cupid's "Trade."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

T. KYTE, 90, King Street, Thorne.
Uproar In the Prison — Ex-Financier Cornered Mice!

W. LANGTON, 23, Ropemaker Street, Finsbury, E.C.
Life Of Ease—"Made For"—We're Not.

H. MACKAY, 30, Whiteway Street, Manchester.
The World's Business—Prospering—Mars' "Orders" Refused.

H. ROTHWELL, 58, Chapel Street, Ormskirk.
Beautiful Spring—Civilisation Diverts to Drainpipe!

W. H. SYER, 10, Osborne Terrace, Port Seton, E. Lothian.
Skilled Man—Wasted—Through Man's Skill.

Mrs. M. THOMAS, Glanyrafondon, Talley.
Life Of Ease—Promised Mother—Gave Wife.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mrs. M. BOWMAN, 3, Ross Street, Seaham Harbour.
The Baby—"Knock-out" "Bringing Relatives Round."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

K. BREAKSPEAR, 22, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.
Dad Went Skating And—Complained "Ice Different. Nowadays!"

A. CORBETT, 74, Walker Street, Sneinton.
Call Of Adventure—Child Heard—Not Hooter.

R. CROSS, 36, Woodroyd Road, Bradford.
Beautiful Spring—Supplies Life's "Welcome Refresher."

W. HUTCHINGS, 1, Cecil Road, Exeter.
Admiring Crowd — Then *Epstein* Feeling Horrified.

H. A. JACKSON, 33, Parade Street, Barrow-in-Furness.
It's Sunday So—Even The Pews "Yawn."

R. KENNEDY, 5, Vicarage Street, Nottingham.
Mighty Slow—Progress—Economy's "Splint" Chafing.

C. C. LAMBOURN, Nutfield Priory, Redhill.
Domestic Tragedy—Sonny's Toys Forever Tidy.

H. SNEWIN, 1, Connaught Road, Littlehampton.
What The Gambler Said—"Easter? Let's Camp Out!"

J. TRENCHER, 2, Wray Street, Wigan.
For The Hospitals—Make Sure Collector *Is*.

A list of 25 £1, 50 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 843 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize winner in Competition No. 839 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Jones, Bell Lane, Hendon, N.W.

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, in consolation with the Editor the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull, and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

BIGGER BULLETS' FIRST — NEXT WEEK ONLY AND — NOVEL £250 BONUS

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 843.

TARIFFS	MADE SPARKS FLY	TO CONQUER THE WORLD
STEMMING THE TIDE	ARMY COOK	TONIC FOR THE TAXPAYER
BUDDING	DEAFENING	BETWEEN THE SHOWERS
HER RIVAL	THE EXPERTS	CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT
HONOURED GUEST	NEVER IDLE	INNOCENT AMUSEMENT
POLITELY	SONNY'S WIRELESS	FATHER'S PHOTOGRAPH
MAN SHE ADMIRES	GENERAL UPHEAVAL	TO KEEP HIS BALANCE
WILY BIRD	ROMANCE	FIRE OF ELOQUENCE
PATH OF FOLLY	HOME TO MOTHER	STOP GRUMBLING AND
HE'S A CRANK, SO THIN	BECAUSE HE THINKS	UNLESS A MIRACLE HAPPENS
	TORRENT OF WORDS	

Example_____
Bullet

Example_____
Bullet

(843) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
Closing SAT. Mar. 26 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. Address_____

Example_____
Bullet

Example_____
Bullet

(843) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
Closing SAT. Mar. 26 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. Address_____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example_____
Bullet

Example_____
Bullet

(843) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
Closing SAT. Mar. 26 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address_____

Example_____
Bullet

Example_____
Bullet

(843) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
Closing SAT. Mar. 26 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. Address_____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

☛ Address Entry:—"Bullets" No. 843, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp).

The Record First Prize in Competition No. 843 will be £6 a week for life and £1,500—or one lump sum of 4,500 Guineas!

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE FREE "BULLETINS"

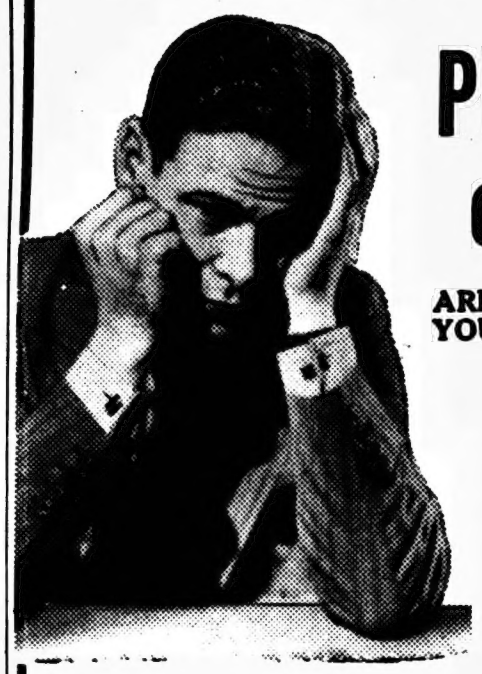
I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed " and Co."), payable to "John Bull" to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets Bulletin," commencing with the next available issue.

Do not send this coupon with your Bullets entry.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 19, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2.

Are You Missing THE PLEASURES of Life?



ARE YOU DEPRESSED?

Moody, Miserable, and Oppressed by Worry? "Yeast-Vite" brings happiness, buoyancy, and enthusiasm—*in a few minutes!* The Vital Vitamin Nutrition combined with the gentle fermentation of the YEAST chases away the Dark Clouds, making you GLAD TO BE ALIVE!

NERVY?

"Shaky," unable to Concentrate, and filled with forebodings about your health? "Yeast-Vite" will give you New Nerve Strength and Life, restore Calmness and Steadiness. The richly abundant Vitamin "B" builds up and Reinvigorates the whole Nervous System.

IN PAIN?

Suffering from Neuralgia, Neuritis, or a raging Headache? See how soon "Yeast-Vite" will bring you Glorious Relief. There is nothing to equal "Yeast-Vite" for its Lightning Like Action and LASTING Benefit. Pain Relief often comes within 15 minutes!

RHEUMATIC?

Take a course of "Yeast-Vite" Tablets and be Pain-free! "Yeast-Vite" is marvellous for Uric Acid Complaints. It allays the pain and acting through Kidneys and Blood-Stream, enables the system to throw off the accumulation of Uric Acid.

GASTRIC?

Have you lost your Appetite, or suffer from Indigestion? Take two "Yeast-Vite" Tablets after meals. Notice how your Appetite will improve, your Stomach Pains Vanish! You will gain increased Nutrition and Strength from your food and be able to eat anything.

Regain them

WITH THE AID OF

Yeast-Vite

Take one or two "Yeast-Vite" Quick Tonic Tablets NOW! See what a wonderful difference they will make! Feel your Pain, Listlessness and Depression disappear! Notice how you go about your work filled with Invincible Energy and Inexhaustible Vitality and finish the day still Alert and Energetic.

NO CURE—NO PAY

Simply obtain a 1/3 bottle of "Yeast-Vite" Brand Tablets from any Chemist Try the treatment AT OUR RISK, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE" return the empty carton to Irvings Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded in full.

HEADACHES

Relieved in 5 Minutes.

My face and head were in a terrible state and my nerves were so bad. Noticing your advert., I decided to try Yeast-Vite. I sent out for a 1/3 size and took two tablets. In five minutes I was relieved, and could sleep. Mrs. H.—

New Life for Women Too

Tired Mothers, Weary Business Girls, Pale, Anæmic Women, all find New Life, New Strength, New Vitality, and New Endurance through Yeast-Vite. Dreariness, Depression, and Drooping Spirits vanish! That Awful Agony of Jangled, Jumpy, and Frayed Nerves is Calmed and Soothed! Yeast-Vite is IDEAL for Suffering Women. Over 40,000 heartfelt expressions of gratitude Prove its Worth.

YOU Need

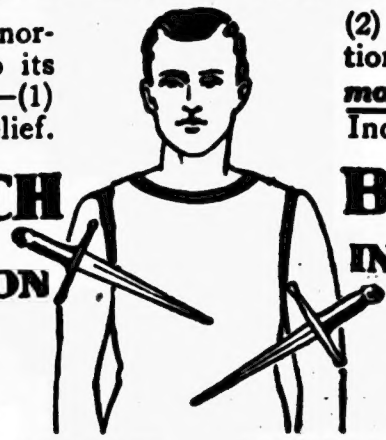
Yeast-Vite

BRAND TABLETS. From all Chemists—1/3, 3/- & 5/- per Bottle

T.C.B.

CICFA & INDIGESTION *are always at* "DAGGERS DRAWN"

Cicfa owes its enormous success to its two-fold action:—(1) It gives prompt relief.



(2) It restores Digestion ***because it removes the cause*** of Indigestion.

STOMACH INDIGESTION

gives rise to the following SYMPTOMS

ACIDITY with **HEARTBURN.**
GASES with eructations.
NEURALGIC HEADACHES.
TONGUE coated white.
COMPLEXION blotchy.
REDNESS of nose.
EATING disliked and Nausea.
PAINS darting through Chest.
BURNING SPOT behind left Shoulder-blade.

BOWEL INDIGESTION

gives rise to the following SYMPTOMS

CONSTIPATION with griping pains in Bowel.
FLATULENCE.
Dull, Heavy **HEADACHES.**
ACIDITY causing Lumbago,
RHEUMATISM, Sciatica, etc.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
TONGUE coated yellow.
BILIOUSNESS and bad taste in mouth.

Many say **"I never feel 'fit'"**; many more say **"I am constantly in distress or pain. I have a feeling of pressure and pain; a burning pain between the Shoulder-Blades; I have pain soon after eating, or pain two hours after eating."**

Yet all these pains are due to the same cause as lack of fitness—that is, to INDIGESTION.

Those who are unfit, and those who suffer from pain and distress, should know that Digestion **begins** in the mouth through the effect of the saliva upon the food, is **continued** on the Albuminous food in the Stomach by the Digestive Ferments, and **completed** in the Bowel by the action of further Digestive Ferments on the Starchy food. **WITHOUT THESE FERMENTS DIGESTION COULD NOT OCCUR.**

Cicfa both adds to and stimulates the secretion of the natural Digestive Ferments AND SO RESTORES DIGESTION. Thus the nourishment is absorbed as the digesting food moves slowly downwards, Fermentation is checked, Flatulence decreases, and the blood grows richer and purer, nourishing all the tissues and producing a *feeling of perfect fitness* throughout the body.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, PRICE 1/3 and 3/-

BRITISH MANUFACTURE

Every Package bears a Government Stamp.

FREE SAMPLE

Send your name and address with this coupon and a 1½d. stamp for postage, and receive a 10-meal test of this wonderful

CICFA

Only one sample given to each family.

THE CICFA CO., 8, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.1

John Bull, 19/3/32

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

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